

# The Listener

and  
B.B.C. Television Review

Vol. LXV. No. 1663.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1961

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A member of Pakistan's military police force

*Ian Stephens*

## The Image of Pakistan

*By Ian Stephens*

## Patterns of Government in the New Africa

*By Sir Ivor Jennings*

## Thoughts on 'Art and Anarchy'—I

*By Owen Holloway*

## The Impact of Technology on China

*By Kurt Mendelssohn*

## The Coming Eclipse of the Sun

*By Patrick Moore*

## Greek Literature after Homer

*By Kenneth Dover*

## Signed, Sealed, and Delivered

*By A Barrister*

## The Structure of Mind

*By A Medical Psychologist*





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# The Listener

Vol. LXV. No. 1663

Thursday February 9 1961

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AS A NEWSPAPER

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## Patterns of Government in the New Africa

By SIR IVOR JENNINGS

IN large measure, the speed of a country's development of independence within the Commonwealth depends upon the complexity of the problems which have to be faced, and not all of them existed in India, Pakistan, and Ceylon, the first countries to gain their independence after the war. Clearly at the moment the most acute problems are in Africa, especially in the tropical belt which stretches from the Gambia in the west to Zanzibar in the east (although there are problems outside Africa, in Malta, Borneo, and the West Indies, for instance).

One development of outstanding importance for Africans in the past five years has been the development of education, not only at the primary, but also at the secondary level. Many Africans have by now heard of the Cambridge examinations. Many have actually sat for them. In the past five years the number of candidates has doubled; and in West Africa, where Cambridge collaborates with the West African Examinations Council, the number has more than doubled. Since these examinations are taken at the ages of sixteen and eighteen, these figures mean that there has been a large increase in the number who have successfully completed a high school course using the medium of English. This is the foundation upon which the new States of Africa can be built.

What actually happens when British rule comes to an end is that responsibility for government is transferred from British politicians to African or Asian politicians who speak and write English. The process sounds easier than it actually is, though it is not really difficult if certain conditions are satisfied. The essential element in any settled society, whether it is primitive or advanced, whether authoritarian or democratic, is security or confidence. The cultivator assumes he will be able to reap his

crop; the worker expects to be paid for his labour in a currency which will have real value; the mother sends her children to school in the belief that they will return safely. In fact, the basis of social and economic life is the assumption that people will behave normally. It is sometimes called law and order; but if that phrase is used 'order' must have a very wide meaning. It is not merely legal order but the whole social and economic structure which has to be maintained by confidence.

But confidence is fragile, and can be upset by anything unusual. When Colombo was bombed in Easter, 1942, I was sent out to inspect the damage. I went back and reported that there was little damage, but that confidence had broken down and a large part of the population was on the move back to their villages. The life of the city broke down, and strenuous efforts were needed to get it going again. Later on, I saw the life of Singapore break down because of riots by rowdy schoolboys.

One unusual event which may cause confidence to disappear is a change of government. It happened in India in 1947, and it happened again in the Congo. What actually occurs when law and order break down has been described by those who were eyewitnesses of the chaos in Northern India in 1947. In the affected areas all the shops were shut and food was unobtainable. All forms of public transport were stopped. Gas and electricity supplies failed. No refuse was collected. The streets were unsafe for even the most innocent passers-by. Women and children were raped or abducted. In many places the dead lay rotting in the streets. The hospitals were choked with wounded, but they had only resident staff because the non-resident staff could not get to work. Supplies of all kinds were unobtainable. Administration broke down because the clerks had to stay at home to look after



their families. There was arson and looting on a large scale. The banks were closed; money was in any case valueless because the shops were shut. Refugees crowded into public buildings where they could be defended, but the sanitary conditions were appalling. In short, all elements of communal life broke down and conditions were such that hooligans could exploit the situation.

### Education to Accept Change

It is easy now to point out the mistakes made in the transfer of power in 1947, and the conditions in India were peculiar. But it is plain that if the life of a country is to flow as normally after the end of British rule as it flowed before, the transfer must be well prepared and the population must be educated to accept the change. This explains why there is invariably a delay in the transfer of power and special care is taken of expatriates who run public services, banking and insurance, and commerce and industry. They are essential to the economy of the country, but they are also people who can get jobs elsewhere. If they are given any reason to suspect that there will be a breakdown of law and order, any serious interference with their normal lives, or any deterioration in their economic condition, they will leave; and if they do they will help to bring about the sort of chaos which they are trying to avoid, because so many of them are key men.

I do not mean that there are no jobs at present done by Europeans which cannot be taken over by Africans. It depends very much on the jobs and on the experience of the Africans. None of us would like to be operated on by untrained surgeons, whether African or European, and most of us would flatly refuse, except in an emergency, to be operated on by an unqualified man. The principle applies to most technical jobs and even to administrative jobs. On the other hand, an able and qualified young man may be able to master a job as well as an older man. But there is always a risk in putting young men into important jobs, because they so often lack the experience which implies judgment.

Most of the newer independent countries suffer from a shortage of skilled and experienced officers. This is not necessarily because of the departure of expatriate officers, though that may be one of the causes. The shortage often arises because of the expansion of services after independence. In 1942, when I took over the Ceylon Medical College, it produced twenty-five medical men a year, and some of them could not find jobs. By 1947, when Ceylon became independent, we were trying to produce 100 a year. And before I left Ceylon in 1955 we had plans for a second Medical School so as to produce 200 a year. The fact is that the extension of the franchise, in Africa as elsewhere, compels politicians to expand services. One of the dangers is that they may promise too much and then find that they cannot carry out their promises because of the shortage of money, material, and men—especially men, since they take a long time to train.

### Slow Transfer of Power

What I want to emphasize most is the necessity for a slow and organized transfer of power. A governmental machine works only because the men and women who make up the machine accept leadership. They will go on doing so under a new driver if the leadership is firm and resolute and inspires confidence. If it does not, the machine will break down. It is easy to transfer power if there is competent leadership backed by a well-supported party. This has been so in Asia and in the British territories which have achieved independence in Africa. If there are competitors for power and many people lack confidence in the leadership, as in the Congo, law and the social order may break down.

I believe that the living standards of most Africans are a good deal lower than those of most Asians. The standards are generally higher where European enterprise has been most active, for instance in Ghana, the coastal belt of Nigeria, the Rhodesias, and Kenya. In fact, this also applies to South Africa. Whatever one thinks of the political situation there—and I am not prepared to defend it—it is true enough that the living standard of the Africans in the Union is higher than elsewhere in Africa.

The conclusion I draw is not that the example of the Union should be followed, but that African politicians should be wary of restricting European—or, for that matter, Asian—enterprise

until they can replace it by something equally, or even more, productive. It is easier to establish self-government in the comparatively rich territories of Asia, such as India, Pakistan, Ceylon, and Malaya, than it is in the more impoverished areas of Africa. That is my first general proposition.

My second general proposition is that African cultural standards are generally lower than Asian cultural standards. I exclude areas in which Islam or Christianity are of long standing, because both religions help to raise cultural standards. Nor do I mean that educated Africans are less cultured than educated Asians, or for that matter educated Europeans. What I mean is that the accumulated knowledge and experience of a particular African community, the sort which is passed on from parents to children, is generally less than that of a particular Asian community. One consequence is that the languages and literatures of Asia are generally more highly developed than those of Africa. They are written languages with comparatively rich literatures. Until recently they have not shared in the enormous development of the European languages since the ancient Greeks; but they provide a reasonable foundation for cultural development.

This means, first, that it is possible to think that in Asia some of the local languages will be media for administration and higher education and so will replace English. It means, secondly, that it is comparatively easy for children educated through an Asian language to change to English. It is a change from one comparatively developed language to another. For an African the change is usually more difficult, with the result that in most parts of Africa there is a smaller English-speaking section than in most parts of Asia. This difficulty can be overcome by a rapid spread of English education, such as is going on in West Africa.

My third general proposition is that while sectionalism is as acute a problem in Asia as it is in Africa, African society is generally more fragmented. This sectionalism is usually called 'communalism' in Asia and 'tribalism' in Africa: but communalism is a wider word and I prefer it. It includes, for instance, religious sectionalism and what is generally called racialism.

### An Imported Doctrine

My fourth and last general proposition is that, in Africa as in Asia, nationalism is an imported doctrine. Therefore it is to be found almost exclusively among the educated class. It is difficult to persuade Asians of this obvious fact, because history is distorted to show that India, Ceylon, and Malaya, for instance, were national States before anybody had even thought of national States. In Africa it is much more difficult to invent such fictions. Every African knows that his grandfather was not a nationalist.

British administrators created Nigeria and then taught the peoples and tribes of Nigeria to think of themselves as Nigerians; but I expect it will be found that in Nigeria most people classify themselves according to religion or tribe. From the point of view of constitutional development this fact is important and raises the whole question of representation.

In Britain we have had single-member constituencies since 1886. The County of London is divided into forty-two constituencies each with one member. That development was historically almost an accident, but it works well because the people are homogeneous and simply think of themselves as British. If we also call ourselves Conservative or Labour, that is because of our deliberate choice. Neither birth nor religion determines which political party we belong to.

Among educated people in Africa there is much the same sort of reaction, though there is usually more emphasis on communalism. But among uneducated people the communal sentiment is dominant. Religion, race, or tribe makes all the difference: and one must assume that electors will vote on communal lines.

Let us consider the simplest possible case, a constituency in which there are 5,000 Europeans and 10,000 Africans. In the present state of racial feeling one would assume that, if there were two candidates, one European and one African, the African would be elected. But if there were 10,000 Europeans and 5,000 Africans, a European would probably be elected. If all the electors were Africans, but 10,000 came from one tribe and 5,000 from another, the candidate from the larger tribe would get in because



everybody would vote for the candidate from his tribe. These examples are over-simplified. In a constituency there may be Christians, Moslems, Hindus, and pagans; Europeans, Asians, and Africans; with the Asians belonging to three or four different communities and the Africans belonging to a dozen tribes. The variety of languages may be considerable; and so on.

All this would not matter if everybody voted on political and not on communal grounds. Sometimes that does happen, at least at the first election after independence, when everybody is looking forward to the benefits which will, they have been told, follow from it. The communal sympathies are still there, but they are temporarily suppressed in the belief that independence is a good thing and will bring prosperity to everybody. And so they vote for the leaders who obtained independence. If Asian experience is any guide, communal feelings become stronger at subsequent elections. The first flush of enthusiasm disappears. Also, politicians find it difficult not to appeal to communal sentiment when it is likely to operate in their favour. In any single-member election the minority is always unrepresented.

One must not think of this exclusively in so-called racial terms.

They are important in places like Kenya and Rhodesia: but among Africans elections would tend to be dominated by tribalism, and this is far more important. It is useless for us to say that this ought not to be so, that everybody ought to vote on issues of political principle and not on sectional loyalties. That is exactly what people said of Asia, where nationalism had gone much deeper, but they were wrong. Even the educated classes will become strongly communalist if they suspect that there is going to be discrimination.

Various constitutional devices have been used to overcome this difficulty. They usually involve some kind of communal representation, perhaps by communal electorates, perhaps by reservation of seats, perhaps by weighting representation in different parts of the country in which the different communities are strong. But no device has proved really successful. There is, in fact, no perfect solution. The difficulty is one of the inevitable consequences of conferring the franchise upon people who have not learned to think politically. On the other hand, they are not likely to think politically until the franchise is conferred upon them.

—From talks in the General Overseas Service

## The Image of Pakistan

By IAN STEPHENS

IT is a fact—and I find it puzzling as well as annoying—that most people are not interested in Pakistan. There is a curious inertia: she seems to have achieved practically no solid grip on the British public mind, nor on that of the Western world generally. Yet, though one knows that population is not everything, it is not negligible that she is the world's sixth most populous country, with about 90,000,000 inhabitants. Her sheer numerical size is seldom realized. She is outclassed only by the four giants, China, India, Russia, and the United States; and slightly also by Japan.

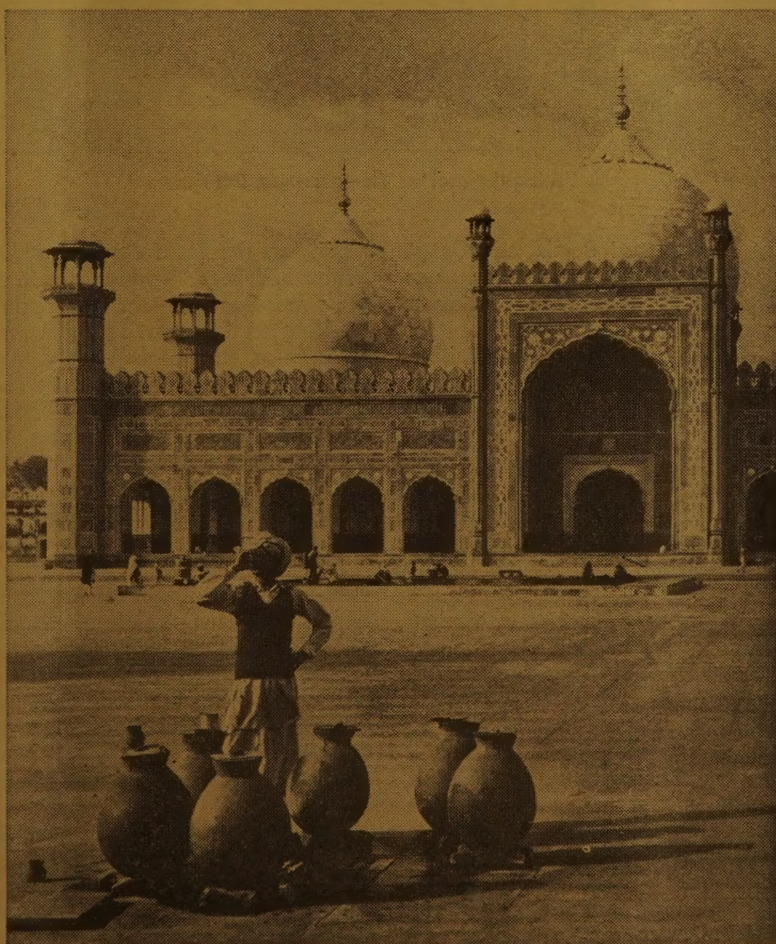
Then there is the big matter of her relations with the West. She is a member of that—nowadays—almost mystical thing, the Commonwealth. She has not slipped out of it, like Burma; nor, like India, stayed in while adopting a foreign policy radically different from that which the West upholds. She is not neutralist: on the contrary, she is our direct ally. She has spontaneously linked herself with the West through Cento and Seato, and through her military-aid agreement with the United States. In the present climate of Afro-Asian opinion, this perhaps was not an easy course for her to persist in; and she receives scant thanks for it from her partners.

Most notable of all is her importance in the Muslim world. Apart from size of

population, in which strife-torn Indonesia is her only Muslim rival, she could bring forward good reasons for considering herself, and for being considered, the most substantial Muslim country that exists.

Yet she is largely regarded with indifference, or else ignored. There are a number of possible explanations for this. They may not satisfy completely, but they are interesting. Naturally, the most obvious is that Pakistan is *new*, less than fourteen years of age. But she is new only in an accidental sort of sense, deriving from the fact that, after the second world war, the huge hotch-potch British regime in south Asia broke up, in rather the same way that the Austro-Hungarian empire in Europe broke up after the first world war. And I do not recall, from my boyhood, that people here were nearly so slow, in the nineteen-twenties, in realizing the existence of, say, the new independent Hungary, or Yugoslavia, as they have been in realizing Pakistan's existence in the nineteen-fifties and sixties. Admittedly, she is much further off: on the other hand, her affairs have been much more closely entwined with ours than those of Hungary or Yugoslavia ever were.

And although it is true that, in a rather superficial way, she is new, Pakistan is also old; older than this country as an Imperialist—or ex-Imperialist—entity.



The Badshahi mosque, Lahore, one of the largest in the world

J. Allan Cash



Muslims ruled the Indian sub-continent, or most of it, for about six centuries; the British, afterwards, for only about two. And certainly a factor in the Pakistan Muslim liberation movement on the sub-continent in the nineteen-thirties and forties was the reluctance, by a people conscious of an Imperial past, to accept subordination, via the ballot-box, via mere weight of numbers, to another people different in culture and faith, the Hindus, whom their forebears had vanquished and ruled over. One might go on from this to suggest that Pakistan may consequently have been born with an innate streak of anti-democratic bias in her make-up: a line of thought which opens up alluring sidetracks of speculation about the representative quality, and the lastingness, of the military regime now in power.

At all events, Pakistan is old. She might be thought of as the heir to the Moghuls, and more; as drawing cultural sustenance not merely from them, but from the several pre-Moghul dynasties on the sub-continent which preceded them—the Khiljis, the Tughlaks, and so on; and from the conquering chiefs—Mahmoud of Ghazni, Mohammad Ghorī—who preceded these, who broke in through the mountain passes of the north-west during the eleventh and twelfth centuries: that is to say, during much the same epoch when the Normans, in their smaller fashion, were landing on these English shores. Indeed, Pakistan as a Muslim entity could trace her sources back further still; to the Arab invaders under Mohammad bin Kassim, who subjugated Sind early in the eighth century.

But, in spite of all this, other Muslim states such as Turkey, and Persia, and Egypt plus Syria, and even Afghanistan—whose combined populations are smaller, perhaps by 10,000,000, than the population of Pakistan alone—continue to bulk much larger, individually, than Pakistan does in the British public eye. Their names are more familiar. Here we are on the edge of something more important than it seems: a tiny matter of nomenclature apparently, yet big in results.

Until July 1947, a few weeks before the sub-continent was partitioned, nearly everyone supposed that the new India, the independent India of Mr. Nehru, would (instead of calling herself India) call herself Hindustan. If she had, is it not fairly clear that Pakistan would have become at once much more readily intelligible, and acceptable, to the public mind? I believe that India's choice of the English name India, rather than Hindustan, has had disproportionate effects—to Pakistan's disadvantage.

Now we come to something more complex, difficult to pin down. Pakistan is an Islamic country: a state avowedly set up to embody an Islamic ideal. And there exists, I would say, an unconscious underlying resistance to any such notion. Here, on this Western soil, in what is, or was, Christendom, we have all been conditioned against Islam—by tales heard in the nursery; by our schooling; by the pressure of European historical tradition. At mention of such words as Mohammadan, Saracenic, Muslim, dim uncomfortable thoughts begin to stir: perhaps of Spain under the Moors; or of the West's failures and humiliations in the Crusades; or of menacing Turkish hordes almost reaching the gates of Vienna. For most of us, Islam is something rather alarming; strange; vaguely hostile: romantic—anyway since it dropped

reassuringly behind Christendom two centuries or more ago; but alien. And I remember being very much surprised to learn, when I first went east, that *eastern* Islam, Islam on the Indian sub-continent, or in Ceylon, or Burma, looks on Christianity in a different, and a much closer, friendlier light. To the average Muslim in those parts, living close up against Hindus and Sikhs and Buddhists, whose creeds are so extremely foreign to his own, the Christian, doctrinally at least, is almost a brother.

I consider that our historical conditioning, adverse to Islam, has contributed substantially, since 1947, to the uninterested attitude, here in the West, towards an important Asian country. If one adds the items already mentioned, and throws in the vexation felt by most British people, since October 1958, at the sudden expunging from the Pakistani scene of British forms of parliamentary democracy, we have perhaps gone a fair way towards the heart of the matter.

One more thing deserves mentioning, before I turn to the Pakistani side of the medal: the way Asia and its problems, nowadays, are made secondary to those of Africa. Returning to Britain last summer, I have been really startled by it. Many people in these parts have surely got their perspectives wrong. Africa, throughout much of 1960, was an obsession. Admittedly, what is happening there is important; but not, surely, to the extent that Asian happenings necessarily drop into lower place? Take the upset in Ethiopia last November. Exciting events affecting the monarchy were reported both from that country, and from



A Pakistani patrol on the north-west frontier

Ian Stephens

Nepal, on the same day. Immediately, before fighting in Addis Ababa had begun—which did in fact, later, make the Ethiopian affair more serious—the assumption was perfectly clear, from the handling of the news. Ethiopia mattered: Ethiopia was African; Ethiopia at once took priority. And Nepal? Although her King had been here on a state visit only a few weeks before, Nepal apparently was just one of those far-away little countries of which one knows almost nothing, despite her links with us through the Gurkhas, and the fact that we have Gurkha troops in the British army still; and, moreover, that her strategic position, right up against the edge of the Communist world, is such that trouble there might plunge us all into disaster.

It is clear, surely, on any but a short view, that Asia, with her vastly larger populations, her much higher standards of civilization, of religious, artistic, political, and military accomplishment, must signify more, for humanity, than Africa.

Now for the other, the Pakistani, side of the medal. What sort of image is Pakistan trying to present? I would suggest that there are four main aspects of this: relations with India; with the Communist bloc; with other Muslim countries; and with the concept of democracy, which mainly means with ourselves of the West.

Relations with India are a much-worn subject. They are bad, but they are better; and for this, in the Pakistani belief, we have mainly China to thank. Pakistan is still scared of India's numerical preponderance; still convinced, after the events of the nineteen-forties and fifties, that many Hindus, in their heart of hearts, do not admit her right to exist, and would like to undo her. But these anxieties have been wonderfully relieved by Mr.



Mao. Indian troops and installations, formerly placed west and east to confront the two so-called 'wings' of Pakistan, have been hastily turned north to face Communist China. India being herself now scared of China, Pakistanis feel they can breathe more freely. The Chinese threat, they think, may even in time cause the Indians to make an agreement with Pakistan for joint defence. But, for the present, the image Pakistan offers the world in this field is clear: that of a relatively small country, determined to uphold her independence against a larger and somewhat unfriendly neighbour. (Were the Kashmir dispute to be settled, suspicion would immediately become much less.)

But although, on a short view, Communist China is seen by Pakistan as a benefactor, that is far from being so on a long view. At the moment, it is Russia rather than China which Pakistan thinks the more perturbing, because of Russia's influence in Afghanistan. But whether from Russians or Chinese, the general long-term threat from the great Communist land-mass to the north is well understood—as the alliances with the West, stuck to by successive Pakistani governments, show well enough. I do not think that—except for a few weeks during the Suez crisis—these alliances have ever been unpopular. There are not many real Communist sympathisers in Pakistan. Association with the Nato Powers does not strike the average Muslim as odd: a reflection, no doubt, of the feeling of affinity with the West which I have mentioned; and perhaps also of a certain positive quality, and simplicity, in the Muslim mind, the converse of the complexity and negativism, the neutralism, the 'no', of the Hindu and Buddhist mind; of the non-co-operation, non-violence, non-alignment, non-attachment—concepts all really religious in origin—which infuse Indian, Burmese, and Ceylonese politics.

So much for Pakistan's attitude to India, and to the Communist bloc. When we come to the remaining two items, the image becomes more blurred. In her relations with other Muslim countries, Pakistan has suffered disillusion. Setting out in 1947 as a major Islamic state, with naïve notions of an almost frontierless Muslim brotherhood that once stretched—and might stretch again—all the way from Casablanca to Sourabaya, she found that things would not work out according to expectation, despite the fact that (besides population-size) she had several important sources of prestige: for example, much the best army among Muslim countries except perhaps that of Turkey; a good civil service; wealth from trade, and scope for industrial growth from water-power; an efficient communications-system; and the honour conferred by distinguished modernist Islamic thinkers such as Ahmad Khan, Amir Ali, and Iqbal.

But the impetus of her idealism actually came too late, at a time when the Islamic world was becoming boxed up—as Christendom did long before—in self-contained secular national states; a process probably made inevitable by the fall of the Caliphate after the first world war. Pakistan is directly allied only to Turkey and Persia—and Turkey might repudiate being a Muslim Power at all. For the rest, her relations with Muslim countries are in considerable disarray: with Indonesia and with Egypt, because Dutch and British policies have had the side-effect of pushing those two countries into friendship with neutralist India; and to a lesser extent, as well, with the proud small countries of Arabia, and the newly independent ones strung along the North African coast; and, above all, with Afghanistan. It makes a sorry catalogue. However, her present Government is much less likely than its predecessors to waste energy on will-o'-the-wisps.



Peasants at Hasan Abdal in the Punjab

Ian Stephens

What are we to make of that Government? I was in Rawalpindi when it seized power; and, back again in England last year, I sensed prejudice against it, stronger than I had expected. In our quiet way, we British do not lack arrogance; we *know* that the British way of running things is best: even to our burst household waterpipes in a sharp winter, or our quaintly old-fashioned currency. (The Pakistanis, this year, have taken to decimals.) Overthrow of democracy by military coup within a member-country of the Commonwealth was *not* British conduct, was *not* approved. Yet in actuality it was the most benign, efficient, and (under the circumstances) necessary thing of its sort ever done. I saw it: an instantaneous smooth transition, not a drop of blood, and the minimum of fuss and victimization afterwards. What a pity that the Turks, last year, did not take lessons from the Pakistanis on how to manage these things!

I agree that one can sit in drawing-rooms in Lahore and Karachi, Dacca or Peshawar, and hear strong criticism of the military regime from intellectuals like ourselves. Those upper-class English-speaking Pakistanis who have been pushed out of influential jobs naturally feel sore. But it is the masses who mainly matter. If you can talk to the unsophisticated people as a friend, in something like their own language—to the roadside sweetmeat seller, the taxi-driver, the hotel waiter, the small shopkeeper; or spend a night at your orderly's village home, and listen to the chatter of the locals—you will get a different impression. These people don't care a damn about Western democracy: it is not in their tradition; and from recent experience of it, at their fellow-countrymen's hands, they regard suggestions of its return with horror. What they want, above anything, is reasonably quick, honest administration, and enough general stability to let them earn a proper livelihood.

It is important that this fact should be realized, because Pakistan, nowadays, is rather odd-man-out in the Commonwealth. There is no reason for her to leave it, unless she is made to feel uncomfortable in it by her fellow-members; the sentimental ties are still strong. But she has had much more help—military as well as economic—for which she is grateful, from the United States than from *this* country; and some aspects of the American system of government fit in well with current Pakistani thinking. And . . . well, Pakistanis perhaps have direct minds. The Commonwealth has changed amazingly since they joined it; and, from the time when India was allowed to stay in, though repudiating the Crown—an action which the Pakistanis eventually felt obliged to follow—they have had difficulty in grasping what its real *raison d'être* can be. They are well disposed to us; but they would be happier to have more evident understanding of their problems, more interest, much more friendly attention—which they are sure they have earned—from their foremost Commonwealth partner.—*Third Programme*

## 'The Listener' Index

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## Two Responsibilities

THE decision announced last week of the University Grants Committee to appoint a special committee, under the chairmanship of Sir Edward Hale, to inquire into the methods of teaching undergraduates will be widely welcomed. This is a topic which has lately been much in the news. In two broadcast talks, which have been recently published in THE LISTENER, it has been argued that proficient researchers do not necessarily make the best teachers, although both in Britain and in the United States a premium has usually been placed in appointments to teaching posts upon research ability. Of course in schools, as well as in universities, there are good and bad teachers, but at least the bulk of our schoolmasters and schoolmistresses have undergone training or been through an apprenticeship. This does not apply in universities. And while it is obviously true that most jobs are largely learned by doing them—and by learning from mistakes—technical competence also arises out of benefiting from the experience of others and from the accumulation of experience in existing institutions.

One is especially conscious of this in an organization like the B.B.C. where over a period of many years experience has been acquired, where techniques have been mastered, and where today this experience and these techniques can be passed on from generation to generation either in training departments or in the actual work itself. In a recent statement of policy a reminder has been given that from its very inception the B.B.C. was entrusted in its Charter with the task of disseminating information and education as well as entertainment. In its school broadcasting work it has built up a vast fund of knowledge and experience. Its sound broadcasts are used in nearly 30,000 schools; its television programmes are more numerous than those of all other agencies combined; and nine million pamphlets were distributed last year in connexion with the school programmes. Similarly a whole apparatus has been constructed in external broadcasting, in its music department, its natural history unit, and so on. It is perhaps sometimes too lightly assumed that such varied services as these can easily be continued by buying up a few specialists and moving them *en bloc* under some new umbrella. Even if that were true, it leaves out of account such intangibles as *esprit de corps*. Men and women who have been doing, and feel that they are doing, a worth-while job, lose a sense of grip once they become mere pawns and even, one supposes, if they are conscious of a sense of insecurity.

In any big organization there must be specialists, whether it be a great university or a body concerned, among other things, with educational responsibilities, as the B.B.C. is. There are in fact, it may be argued, two responsibilities, the specialist and the general. Just as in the universities there is the general responsibility for teaching and for offering a wide education in life, art, and science to young students, as well as for contributing to knowledge through research, so in the B.B.C. there is a general duty that has been recognized to disseminate culture and information about current affairs through its ordinary programmes as well as offering more specialized services in particular programmes. This combination of responsibilities sometimes presents difficulties; but, on the whole, our universities have a pretty good record; and so, if this is not an improper remark in a Corporation journal, has the B.B.C.

## What They Are Saying

### Sad about Britain

SOVIET BROADCASTS continue to report President Kennedy's statements and press conferences fully and, for the most part, sympathetically. He has been praised especially for his 'realism' in facing unpleasant economic facts at home. Moscow attributed these to the errors of the Eisenhower Administration, which, it said, 'tried to stimulate economic growth by increasing military expenditure, thereby causing the most acute crises'.

By contrast, Britain was singled out for some unfavourable comment. Lord Home and Lord Hailsham were accused of distorting the recent Moscow conference communiqué and inventing the 'slander' that the Soviet Union advocated 'the export of revolution by means of local wars'. The communiqué did, in fact, claim that all anti-colonial wars were just and promised full communist support for them. Moscow radio, summarizing *Izvestiya*, said:

It is surprising . . . that just at this time two responsible representatives of British ruling circles, which claim the role of 'bridge' between East and West, should take up such an unconstructive position . . .

Under the title 'Sad News from Britain' another Moscow commentator declared that 'two of the pillars of bourgeois democracy' in this country, the press and parliament, were 'crumbling'. The press had become the victim of capitalist monopolies, which aimed at 'abolishing the publications of the left'. The *Daily Herald*, said Moscow, 'will not cease, but without doubt it will move to the right'. In the same way, 'in a purely British bloodless style, the power and meaning of parliament are being unnoticeably done away with'. As proof, the commentator cited the Prime Minister's answers to questions in the Commons on January 26:

He said nothing . . . he gave nothing away . . . Yes, it is true that the Prime Minister alone carries the entire burden of secrecy. . . . And if the M.P.s are told nothing, how can they discuss anything?

Commenting on M. Spaak's resignation from the post of Secretary-General of Nato, the Soviet newspaper *Trud* said that his desire to return to Belgian politics was not the main reason:

Spaak's resignation attests to the failure of the idea of 'Atlantic solidarity' . . . Spaak was one of the most active supporters of converting Nato from a purely military bloc into an organization with a broader sphere of activity. He failed to achieve this, not because of lack of energy, but because of the lack of an ideal which could unite the member states of the bloc.

East European commentators amplified this anti-Nato theme and were generally less friendly than the Soviet Union towards Mr. Kennedy. So far, they said, he had shown no signs of trying to cure America's economic ills by abandoning the arms race.

The Egyptian press and radio admitted that there had been a 'heated debate' on Algeria during the conference of Arab Foreign Ministers in Baghdad. Commenting on the resolutions finally adopted, the Algerian delegate said he was satisfied with them, though parts were 'not so strong'. Cairo radio claimed they were 'strong resolutions' made at a time when the Algerian people's struggle demanded more military and material help from the Arab states for a decisive victory. Tunis radio, reflecting President Bourguiba's efforts as a mediator, said:

In our opinion the only factor which led the Baghdad conference to adopt these moderate resolutions is the atmosphere of truce now prevailing between the French Government and the Algerian Government, and what is taking place in the way of continuous talks about negotiations; the fact that the Algerian Government is showing, almost daily, signs of the desire for peace and negotiations to put an end to the war.

Curiously, in the week that the Soviet Union launched a six-and-a-half-ton satellite, Moscow home service announced the production of a ladies' watch that will be accurate to within plus or minus forty-six seconds in a day. Evidently the precision that goes into satellites is not yet for the Moscow man (or woman) in the street when it comes to consumer goods.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service  
STANLEY MAYES



# Did You Hear That?

## WALTER THE WILDFOWLER

'IT IS A LONG while now since I last saw Walter Linnett in his three-roomed cottage, "founded on Roman Brick and built out of ships' timbers and barge boards", at Bradwell-on-Sea', said ROGER FRITH speaking in 'In the South-East' (Home Service). 'There he dwelt as his grandfather had, 100 years before him, on the seaward side of the sea wall under the shadow of the gaunt old church—the ancient cathedral of Bishop Cedd of the East Saxons, who reared it some 1,300 years ago from the stones of that mighty vanished fort of Othona which the Romans built and garrisoned. The outer walls of the fort were almost the boundary of Walter's garden.'

'Walter was the last of the famous original punt gunners. He had the sea at his doorstep. The wind and the call of seabirds was the language he loved and understood. He had seen better days, so he said. He remembered peace and utter quiet in his surroundings when, as a youth, he learnt his trade from his wild, bearded father, who had an ancient muzzle-loading gun that he carried everywhere with him.'

'There was a certain mysterious air about old Walter. I used to think of Neptune every time I met him. I would always find him either repairing his clinker-built punt in a deep creek, or setting his peter-nets and traps for fish out on St. Peter's Flat, or perhaps beach-combing along the stretch of shingle over which the last tide had been. There I would see him in the distance, stooping with his sackcloth outer jacket and his waders covered in mud, protecting his not undirty trousers. Sometimes, but very rarely, I would find him in his garden sawing up driftwood, or plucking a duck or perhaps a brace of dunlin, or maybe emptying winkles into pots, which, having been filled with water, his "missus" would boil up.'



Walter Linnett in a punt with his fowling gun: a photograph taken in 1937. Behind him (left) is the cottage where he was born, and (right) the ancient church of St. Peter-on-the-Wall

*D. Went*

'Walter hated the many bird watchers who came down in their swarms at the weekends. "Bird worriers", as he called them, and ignorant Saturday so-called "wildfowlers" who discharge their fowling pieces at anything that flies, in range or out of it, were the only things that roused his fury. "They distarbs the little owd things just a' when they're a' restin'" he would say. Or: "Them nosey snoopers, they'll mind their own business one o' these days. How'd they like some'n spyin' on 'em in their own homes, eh? What's left o' the duck are worried to death by 'em".'

'Walter and his father used to shoot a variety of birds, large and small. "After a good shoot", he told me, "we'd take all the duck and geese inter Southminster in a cart, where we'd sell 'em at a shilling each". But good shoots could be ruined, as Walter once recalled: "A foreign fleet o' punts come down the river ter Brad'ell just when our lot were a' aimin' our guns at a pack o' widgeon on the Dengie Flats. They didn't see us, the devils, an' went an' fired a broadside right at us as we were up in line with the bards. Our poor owd boats got a' punctured like hell, and we nearly sank. We went 'ome that night with nothin' but sore behinds!"'

## MAGIC IN MOSAIC

RICHARD BAKER, the B.B.C. Television newsreader, recently visited the Holman Hunt infants' school at Fulham, to see a new mosaic mural depicting a magic garden, made for the school by Mr. Francis Carr. Mr. Baker described the mosaic in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service).

'Many of us formed our first impression of education', he said, 'in buildings just like the Holman Hunt school, built more than fifty years ago, and looking, from the outside anyway, like a red-brick reformatory. But I found the inside of the school is no longer all brown tiles and beige distemper. As I went into the school hall my attention was seized at once by the brilliant colours and arresting forms of Mr. Carr's bold mosaic, which fills half of one wall.'

'He has used the light from the windows to give life to the twenty-five different groups of materials he has



Mr. Francis Carr putting the finishing touches to his mosaic mural in the Holman Hunt infants' school, Fulham



put into his work. There are not only the coloured tiles you would expect, but mirrors, marble, enamel, resins, brass and copper, tree bark, cork, various kinds of sea shell, even two clock-faces. The colour and the variously glittering reflections draw the children to explore this magic garden, and, if one can judge from their first reactions, it will be a long time before they tire of discovering all the fascinating, unexpected things it contains



A dinner party in the eighteen-nineties

'Mr. Carr invites the children to get to know the contours and surfaces of the garden by touch as well as sight. He has embedded a dense array of flowers, fishes, birds, and beasts of every shape and size into the lower part of his garden, within easy reach of a child's hand'.

### STAYING AWAY

'In my youth "staying away", as it was called, formed a great part of my life when, many years ago, my mother and I, in August and September, used regularly to embark on "a round of visits"', said SUSAN, LADY TWEEDSMUIR, in the Home Service. 'Our journeys meant taking many cross-country trains which had to be puzzled out in a Bradshaw railway guide.'

'My mother was an artist who took with her a great deal of paraphernalia. These included an easel and a camp stool and an embroidery frame, and as she was always apt to be studying a foreign language, this meant including bulky grammar books. A bundle of rugs completed her luggage. This held her umbrella and a parasol and a walking-stick. My mother had little faith in her native climate and thought it advisable—indeed necessary—to take her winter clothes with her even in summer, and the mountain of luggage when it emerged from the guard's van would have staggered the modern porter, but caused no surprise in those remote times.

'We were always met by a smart brougham driven by a coachman perched high up. There was also a man with a luggage cart who hovered in the background. I seem to remember that we invariably arrived a little late for tea, and that we usually found our hostess comfortably ensconced behind a massive silver teaturn which was on a table spread with plates of paper-thin bread and butter, and scones, and a variety of delicious jams and cakes.

'At Christmas and other times we visited my mother's family home in Yorkshire near Sheffield. My mother's Yorkshire cousins, when I was a child, were a couple whose mode of life and outlook could only have existed in the late-Victorian era. They were both tall and stately and they moved with majesty, and had rigid and exacting standards of behaviour. Their house ran on ordered wheels and was warm and comfortable and pleasant to stay in. There were glowing coal fires which never seemed to wane.

'When I grew up we stayed often at Ashridge Park. It was very large and very Gothic. It possessed a chapel and an endless chain of imposing rooms, high windows and walls hung with

Italian pictures. We sometimes dined off gold plate, a process which always set my teeth on edge as knives and forks ground squeakily on the surface of the dishes.

'But when my thoughts fly back to my country house visits, I remember with most pleasure the smaller houses where I stayed. They varied between Elizabethan, seventeenth- and eighteenth-century, and Victorian Gothic. In all of them life moved at an

easy tempo, and our greatest excitement was a sale of work or a garden party. I should like to be able to recapture the sounds of a country house standing in miles of quiet countryside. I love to remember long afternoons merging into quiet evenings when the big ormolu clock ticked loudly in the hall, a hay wagon lumbered along a distant lane, the voices of the haymakers came faintly on the breeze, and a door opened and shut somewhere in the house, giving a faint jar to the silence'.

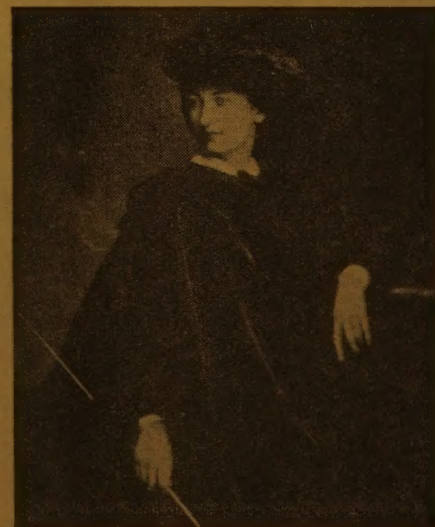
### ADVENTURESS

'It is 100 years since Lola Montez died', said PETER DUVAL SMITH in 'Today'. 'She is the only woman to be listed in *Chambers's Encyclopedia* as an "adventuress". Sometimes she claimed to be the illegitimate daughter of Byron, at other times the daughter of the King of the Cannibal Islands, but usually she plumped for coming from Seville. In fact Lola was born in County Limerick, during the honeymoon of her undistinguished parents.

'She soon began to make her mark on the world. Married to an Indian Army officer, at seventeen she was driving the cantonments mad. On her return to England, abandoned by her husband, what could Lola do but go on the stage in London—as "Donna Lola Montez, The Andalusian Enchantress"? There is no doubt that Lola was a marvellous looking woman, and she knew how to put it across. The bloods in the stage boxes cheered her until their monocles misted over. Soon all Europe was cheering for Lola: in Warsaw the troops were called out, in Munich there were riots, in Paris duels were fought in the Bois de Boulogne. It was time for Lola to step off the stage, before worse damage was done.

"I must hook a prince", she declared, reaching for the *Almanach de Gotha*. Better than that, she hooked a king—Ludwig of Bavaria. She made him very happy; and ruined his life, poor old man. The Bavarian court was never the same again. Doting old Ludwig was made to get rid of her, but Lola did not care. She went off to America, where her ship was greeted in New York harbour with a salute of twenty-one guns: what matter that it was meant for somebody else on board? Out in the Golden West, Lola lived in a mining camp and kept a grizzly bear for a pet. Occasionally she would take a turn on the local boards for old times' sake, and the miners loved her. She tried a trip to Australia—but found it a coarse sort of place.

'All over the world Lola carried on her wild life, wrote her autobiography, set up as a beauty expert, had a go at spiritualism, found time to get married three times more; and then, incredibly, on January 17, 1861, at the age of forty-three, Lola Montez, born Eliza Gilbert of County Limerick, died'.



Lola Montez



# Thoughts on 'Art and Anarchy'

By OWEN HOLLOWAY

*This is the first of three talks which examine the recent Reith Lectures given by Professor Edgar Wind*

ORIGINALLY art may never have been called art at all: it was just one feature of the practical existence of a community, a part of its politics, or its science. Like religion, art is either taken for granted as a necessity of life, or else it has constantly to justify its existence. It has been made self-conscious by the advent of public museums and galleries in the last century and by the headlong development of trade and communications. There is feverish curiosity about exotic things, and a no less restless contemplation of our own past, and we are turn and turn about eclectic and partisan about both. In the first upsurge of imperial Germany, after 1870, Nietzsche could see business men and politicians thinking, threateningly, in terms of nothing less than world conquest. 'We seem almost glad to have made eunuchs of ourselves', he wrote, scornfully, of his fellow intellectuals, 'because in that capacity we can go in and out of the great harem of world culture as we choose'.

## A Genteel Conception of Painting and Sculpture

The Reith Lectures of Professor Edgar Wind\* have been about this changing picture of the arts. But he takes this connoisseurship of all existence not in its world setting but as a more parochial problem. At times, it is almost as if he believed that the connoisseur was the cause of our enfeeblement, instead of being a symptom. His position is based on a genteel, rather Italianate, conception of what painting and sculpture may be; genteel, because there is now more of outward convention than inner reality about this one-time preserve of a leisure class. The symbol of the prestige of the composite class of Reformation English gentry and their brothers, the new family clergy, was the Greco-Roman cast of their schooling. Greek and Latin and the Italianate ideal were a shibboleth as much as they ever were a substance. Yet right down to 1914, in defiance of the reality of a round world, communities could be more or less self-sufficing in their happiness or their misery, and each of the Great Powers of the West thought of itself tacitly as a chosen people in this great tradition.

Professor Wind himself quotes the analysis of these and other accepted proprieties of our culture by the American outsider, Thorstein Veblen. Their very archaism, Veblen believed, was the most powerful factor in them: in an increasingly materialistic civilization, it showed that these perquisites of the ruling class, at least, were above suspicion of any vulgar usefulness. But if Professor Wind still defines good taste with something of this same exclusiveness, as I think he does, it makes it extraordinarily difficult for him to discover any common ground between the art he knows in individual masterpieces in this old style and the art that there is in solution, as it were, in the two hours of a film. He is ready to meet neither the challenge of diversity in the influx of world art nor the same challenge in the development of art by the machine for a democratically educated public. He does not seem aware of the really vast cultures of the world—the Chinese, the Indian, and the Muslim culture of the West; and yet to know them is to appreciate all the better what in particular your own culture is. He does not show any consciousness of the film, or therefore of the diversity of our own arts in time, though that might have led him, and us, to like his own sort of art the better; better than when he speaks as if it were everything, and as if there were nothing else.

I want to examine particularly this diversity of the human heritage, because I think that failure to recognize it is what has prevented Professor Wind from coming to terms with the new meaning of art. Already before 1914, individual prophets or rebels were using a less Europocentric mental currency. A frontal attack

on the shortcomings of our historical outlook would have been incomprehensible while we were still the unchallenged masters of the world. But Sir Halford Mackinder, as the begetter of a new geography, could in that sphere at least try to introduce a statesmanlike sense of proportion. He demonstrated the material potentiality of the continental land masses which were still to all appearance dominated by the old sea power of the small maritime nations. With no more than a handful of population statistics, he reminded us of the one-time role in history of the peoples beyond the pale. The American President, Wilson, was soon to proclaim their right to choose their own destiny. It was, as a matter of fact, a previous Reith Lecturer, Professor Arnold Toynbee, who described this effect of a world war on our claustrophobic historical legend. He was at the time roundly taken to task: 'The only case for trying to conserve European civilization', he was told, 'was the belief that it was unique'. One controversialist identified the source of his own ideas, when he declared that Jewish and Christian monotheism could never agree, 'to a relativism to which one civilization was as good as any other'. At this point, I believe, a sweetly reasonable Asiatic gentleman intervened to say that he had a horse that could and did win the Derby, and the matter rested.

In addition to a prophet like Mackinder, I mentioned rebels. Some few art-lovers, mostly (as it was thought) resident in Bloomsbury, had been rudely brought face to face with the diversity of artistic canons in time. They thought it, probably, a matter of taste whom you liked or did not like. They felt that a dead hand was choking art, whereas Cézanne put sense into modern painting. To all appearances, they were prepared to join the human race; but all they wanted was the privilege of looking at old masters in the same light as contemporary paintings, and at the exotic as if it possessed the same aims and skills as our homogeneous European culture. Their own world was still a hierarchy, and the alien cultures they dealt in only gave them material which they assimilated into the same old hierarchical pattern of good and bad taste. Any area and any class that has long enjoyed power will assume its position at the top to be in the nature of things. As one of this Bloomsbury group, Keynes, wrote in some moving pages after the first war, western Europe from 1870 to 1914 had been nothing less than an Eldorado for the upper and middle classes. The luxuries of one day became the necessities of the morrow, and even the Malthusian nightmare of a population outstripping its food supply was for the first time an empty threat, at least as far as we ourselves were concerned. World communications might seem to have made citizenship of one country rather than another as much a matter of indifference as Adam Smith had claimed it was for the merchant.

## Accidents of Time and Place

This was the mood in which to the dilettante also it was indifferent, as he said, whether the object of his artistic admiration 'was made 700 years ago in China, or in New York yesterday'. Yet the circumstance that a work of art may be found of value to more than its own community scarcely entitles us to conclude that its appeal is outright universal or eternal, or that a proper love of it is 'raised above the accidents of time and place'.

We shall not understand the challenge of diversity, I think, until we see that it is a historical development, peculiar to the mercantile society. It is the joint acceleration of horizontal and vertical social mobility, the sociologist will say—of cosmopolitanism on the one hand, and democratic stratification of culture on the other. There is almost no limit to the exotic cultures or lesser-known masters we could float an exhibition of under the aegis of the Arts Council. Professor Wind rightly views with apprehension the fact that India and William Ertz, Raeburn and Mexico, Ingres and Vorticism, or anything that happens to catch our fancy, are



received with equal interest. Yet, it might be asked, what right have we to decree that one art is necessarily of any more interest than another? In fact, two ostensibly similar nudes, one from India and the other by William Etty, may have been performing different functions in their respective communities. The art historian knows that every soil will produce of its own kind and not otherwise, and that we cannot judge one product by the standards of another. Yet it makes a mockery of value to hold that any and every style or conception has equal value, by the very fact of its existence. The problem of this conflict between fact and value is an almost metaphysical question of which is indispensable in our affairs, uniformity or diversity. I cannot forgive Professor Wind for not devising some way of presenting it. How are we to do as much justice to the differences that introduce meaning into what is otherwise no more than a spectacle, as to the value that might allow it all to be baptized as art?

Aesthetics, like history or geography, seems to me to require to be a social science. Any work of art is a communication, and therefore an undertaking not merely personal but social as well. It represents a practical proposition: its tone and its very form reflect the opportuneness of its publication and currency. That taste which we may have taken to be good, again, only reflects the fact that the apologists for it have had the control of culture in their hands. The very difference between the canons of art in different civilizations leaves us with no substance of beauty to extol. No matter of the arts can be discussed in abstract, individualistic, and hedonistic terms, but only in terms of the changing pattern of power and prestige in our several communities.

### A New Intellectual Suppleness

And for this we need a new intellectual suppleness. The assimilation of works of art of an alien society, or of an alien period in the past, is translation and interpretation. None can survive, or be communicated, directly as such. Either it is transplanted into our own life, as Rosalyn Tureck does with Bach when she studies him for us on the piano, or else it remains dull, dead, and inaccessible, because it is still buried under its own original setting. There is no middle way. What is involved is that coexistence and collision of contraries that is called dialectic. Our relation with an alien culture is never as unilateral as were our dealings with the politically empty new world, placed at our disposal for colonial exploitation for the four centuries following the Great Discoveries. There is a give and take. The better you knew and loved Chinese painting or Persian painting—different forms of painting from ours—the more appetite I should expect you to have for our own: I should not expect you to be a fan of the exotic.

History, likewise, is the history of the present before ever it is the history of the past and done with. Indeed, what makes a historian ever turn to the past at all is some stake he finds he has in it, some present problem to solve. Professor Wind has some hard things to say about Wölfflin, but Wölfflin's great merit in his best book, the *Principles*, was that he had simply turned to history because he wanted to understand what had been going on round him in French Impressionist painting. He was impelled to identify the departure two or three centuries earlier which revolutionized our mode of perception. And because he saw the particular and historical nature of things, this resulted in his also doing more justice to the individual artist. One single sentence of his about Boucher, from this point of view, disposes of the volumes of nonsense that are written about superficial aspects of the rococo.

Appreciation of art, in short, may be both that absolute surrender which Professor Wind wants of us, and something else that he does not systematically provide for. In a cosmopolitan world, for example, a problem that may occur to any of us is the discrepancy between the value we set on our native heritage, and the limited and relative place we may now know this to have in the world at large. We cannot take it for granted, as fact, and yet in the same breath maintain its value, which is another matter. An aesthetic judgment is only relative, again, because it is of the essence of a progressive scheme of values that they should continually be brought into new perspective. The genius of the present gives us new eyes, as Cézanne did, for the very heritage of the past. The scientist is not paralysed by his knowledge that

tomorrow's science may be expected to improve on his own. The direction of history in time, and human activity, jointly ensure that the present no more condemns the past than the future will condemn our present.

### Artists Made as well as Born

But to be as much occupied as Professor Wind is with that abstraction, art from the artist's own point of view, is to blind oneself to the immense variety of tastes in which artists of different periods and peoples have worked. Taste in this sense is a term which has the merit of bringing in the public, for the artist is not unilaterally a creator: he is made, as well as born. Professor Wind's faith in the unity of art as artists in his own homogeneous tradition have seen it is the more inhibiting when he comes to deal with its standing specifically in a machine age. He seems literally incapable of envisaging that when a culture that was by definition exclusive has to serve something a little better than the élite of an illiterate community, its art can actually change its form. An artistic performance, he says, is a creative act, unique and unrepeatable, whereas it is of the essence of a machine to repeat. Yet in fact it was precisely thanks to the printing press that the medieval idea of repetition of a text had to yield to that very different thing, the progress of knowledge. Before the means existed to give currency to the otherwise unique work of art, there was necessarily rigidity in the canons of perfection. But thanks to the machine, an artist like Dürer at one stroke makes himself independent of any particular patronage, and free, and by the very fact of the diversity of the new demand, he has the chance of more individuality for himself.

Professor Wind simply does not seem to admit that no art could persist exactly as such. Different arts are primary at different times, and in association with the machine process, moreover, the genius of one man is naturally replaced by a division of labour among a whole team of skills. There was nothing lacking in the quality of the quantity of creative work produced by an engraver like Callot. Moreover, Callot is not the heaven-sent gift of absolute, unrepeatable genius, so much as the master of a method. He transmitted it to the scarcely less great Sébastien Le Clerc.

When the machine process begins to come into its own in France in the rococo period, painting, under the auspices of the chief painter of the day, Boucher himself, moves into the orbit of creative engraving in the illustrated book. In German porcelain, sculpture adopts an industrial solution which combines in equal proportions chemistry, engineering, and art. Simultaneously, in churches and palaces in South Germany, there is a premature but stimulating attempt at a synthesis of painting, sculpture, architecture, drama, and even stereophonic sound. Our own art galleries can contain none, or little, of this, but it is up to us not to derive from them, therefore, a sublime, pre-Darwinian confidence in the fixity and hierarchy of species. I think it unfortunate that Professor Wind's explanation of the way art comes to terms with the science of its time should concentrate so much on individuals, such as Paul Klee taking literal inspiration from the forms he sees under the microscope.

### Science Translated into Humanism

But what did Callot learn from the telescope and microscope in Florence, when he sat at the feet of Galileo's pupils? Surely it was more than this: it was a sense of scale that inspires every little vignette of his of the contemporary scene, every landscape, a musing sense like Pascal's of what man is in the whole of nature: 'Nothing, in comparison with infinity, but everything, in comparison with nothing: a man, in short, something between nothing and everything'. Science was translated by Callot into humanism. But to Professor Wind, Callot is a maker of grotesques, and the theme of the philosopher-artist starts him talking of not much more than content, and of Lucretius, Virgil or Ovid, but not much of anything nearer home. His picture of the artist coming to terms with the urgent social problems of the modern world is again individualistic. He sees an individual painter meeting an individual intelligent dealer face to face, again for a rational discussion of what to paint.

But what really is painting now? What has it become? Surely, the narrative art of the film. It is only the old sort of painting



that, as Professor Wind complains, has 'withdrawn into itself, and receded towards the margin of life'. The film has gone from strength to strength; but of this, as of most actual development, Professor Wind is silent. From him we shall hear nothing of a trilogy that interpreted the very being of the Indian sub-continent, and of the heart of man and of the artist, nor of Visconti in Sicily realizing in sober fact, thanks to the machine, Diderot's dream of two centuries before, of allowing the drama of a people to speak literally for itself!

It has, I am afraid, been impossible for Professor Wind to execute the task he assigned himself, with the rigid and preconceived notion he entertained of what art was. Start with an art that you have firmly fixed in your mind, or start with any such substance like a particular nation or period, and you must fit everything into this Procrustean form: you have simply put the

cart before the horse, and taken for granted what ought to have been the very object of inquiry. Art, like its publics, changes all the time, and so all the time raises a new problem of value. Genius is not always and necessarily wasted on deaf ears; it is not always driven into thoughts of an ideal audience, to become esoteric and prophetic only. That has just been the price of the artist's independence, the historical product of the transition to a free market.

His emancipation from immediate practical functions has made his social standing and his value the problem that we ourselves find them. It is awkward that the very feature of works of art that once promised to be the most reliable, their value, their beauty, should now turn out to be the oracular and problematic circumstance about them. But it is better to be a problem than to be taken for granted.—*Third Programme*

## Thinking about China

# The Impact of Technology

By KURT MENDELSSOHN

**W**HEN, just over eleven years ago, the communists established their government over the whole of China, it was an event of political but not as yet of economic significance. In particular nobody then, or even five years ago, would have thought of China as a great technological power. Today huge industrial plants are rising with enormous rapidity mainly in the north but also in other parts of the country. Steel production, which before the Japanese war stood at 1,000,000 tons and in 1949 had dwindled to 150,000, is now approaching the 18,000,000 mark. In the same time the production of electricity has increased tenfold and that of crude oil thirty times. The story is much the same with most of the other basic products and these are now being joined by machine tools and other factory equipment.

But I do not really want to spend time on figures and statistics which, in any case, are generally available, except to say that they are very impressive indeed: and this in spite of last year's flood calamities and in spite of adverse reports in our newspapers. Until the sputniks made their appearance, the West had consistently underestimated the Soviet technological potential, and it seems that we are doing exactly the same now with China. Our economic experts tell us that industrialization takes time and cannot be achieved from one day to the next. There is, of course, some truth in that, but it is not the whole story. Technology is not only based on machines but also on people: people with emotions, people who can be hostile to a programme, or indifferent, or enthusiastic.

Perhaps we tend to assess popular reactions in the East, and particularly in China, by assuming that the Chinese will react in the same manner as we would. But I do not think they do: the conditions are so different. For the worker in the West, and especially in England, industrialization always savours of enslavement and exploitation. The industrial

revolution has left a bitter taste. Things are different for the Chinese. There, the communists are not, as with us, a force which tries to destroy a well-established pattern of society. On the contrary they have brought order and peace to a country which was torn by civil war. When the Chinese speak of liberation, they mean it: liberation from a nightmare which lasted half a century. Technology and industrialization are to them the instruments of this liberation and the means of regaining their self-respect as a great nation. Technology is a great and joyful experience, an adventure into which they have thrown themselves with enormous enthusiasm. Anyone watching them at work will be struck by this enthusiasm which, to me at least, appears the most significant feature of their technological advance.

Wandering through one of the agricultural communes of north China, I came upon a farm building in which a girl was busy, laboriously winding short strips of insulating tape on a length of stout copper wire. Next to her was a finished piece of her handiwork; the coils of a medium-sized transformer. Out in the yard, in the dust among the chickens and ducks, sat another girl with a chisel, and two boys with sledge hammers. They were cutting out the plates for the transformer housing, and nearby stood a number of the transformers, all ready with oil cooling pipes, awaiting dispatch. In other farm buildings men were at work making the remainder of the transformer components. There was not a factory-made machine tool in the place. With great pride they showed me their home-made equipment. Inventiveness and manual skill had been given ample scope, and while most of their machinery looked like nothing on earth, it all seemed to work. In another group of buildings, girls made small plastic component parts in home-made presses, while older women were sitting round at tables, assembling electric switches.

It is the same all over the country.



Chinese taking notes on new agricultural machinery at a National Farm Implements exhibition in Peking



Walking through the streets of Canton, I noticed some of the newly created city communes. A number of houses, evidently former shops, had been converted into small factories, making anything from umbrellas to carburettors. The shop structure of the buildings allowed a good view of these installations which, if anything, were still more home-made and primitive than those in the agricultural commune.

As Western observers have repeatedly pointed out, the productivity of these places is, by our standards, miserably low. That is, no doubt, true. On the other hand, I do not at all agree with the general verdict that these backyard factories are therefore a dismal failure. They certainly would be a failure if we tried to introduce them in Coventry or Pittsburgh, but Pittsburgh is not in China. The Chinese have no illusions about the low output of their backyard industry and they are pressing ahead with the building of large factories, using modern methods and automation. But this will take time, even in China. In the meantime the

small factories are producing where no production existed before at all. Again, we must not judge from our conditions of expensive labour, made scarce by short hours. China has at her disposal over 600,000,000 pairs of hands—and pretty skilful ones, too. Moreover, the Chinese are willing to work hard and long hours for the reconstruction of their country. We must not forget that in China only people over seventy can remember work under tolerably stable conditions. Personal security which for most Westerners, and

especially for the Americans, is never seriously in question, is still a precious gift in China. While industrial output from the communes is mainly a stop-gap until big-scale production gets under way, it may even remain in some form in the agricultural regions. Work on the land in north and in west China is strongly seasonal, with a slack period in the winter, and there may be room for some type of cottage industry for many years to come.

Thus, in spite of the fact that productivity is low, the backyard industry does its part in speeding up industrialization. It also fulfils other functions, and I even have doubts whether production will be its most important feature. I have already mentioned the enthusiasm with which the Chinese approach their new technological era, and it would clearly be a disadvantage to let this enthusiasm peter out for lack of food. Naturally, nearly every Chinese wants to be personally on this great reconstruction of the nation, and technology has top priority. But how are you to satisfy this desire with only a limited number of big factories built so far? You cannot tell the people to wait for five or ten years. It is here that the little factories in the communes provide exactly what is needed. Those who feel that they have technical ability can try here their hand at industrial production. Since their little factories have to start from scratch, the budding industrial workers have to use inventiveness and ingenuity, and they can reap the reward of recognition if they are successful in getting work started.

Another important aspect of the backyard factories is the training which they provide. The new regime is just over ten years old and at present few Chinese have been taught technical subjects. Once the big factories are ready, they will have to be staffed with skilled workers, and the men and women who have served an exacting apprenticeship in the communes will be much

needed in the new plants. In fact, it does not matter how many people are employed in building one transformer: they are all industrial trainees.

Industrial work in the communes also offers opportunities of gaining distinction for the team or for the individual, and these efforts are publicly acclaimed. The technological effort of the nation receives constant and ample publicity, and people there are genuinely interested in this kind of news. In the discussion in this series on the political scene\* it was said that being constantly told what to do is the price which the Chinese have to pay for development. We might consider being ordered about as tiresome, but I am fairly certain that the average Chinese does not feel like that at all. There is this exciting development going on in which they are really interested, and they expect—and enjoy—being given a lead and advice and hearing all about it. Contrary to the old days of Mandarin rule, the government now addresses the common people directly and they feel that they are being taken into their rulers' confidence.

As for the content of the news items, again we should not use our own yardstick. Production methods, factories, and railways have become so much part of our lives that they have little news value for us, except when they go wrong. But it is different in China where these things are novelties. What may appear as boring indoctrination to us is likely to be of absorbing interest for them. We, too, have peculiar habits in this respect. A London evening newspaper recently devoted a two-column report to the dental appointment of a

Hollywood film actress; even the dentist's name was given. I can imagine that to the Chinese our interest in Miss Taylor's teeth may appear far-fetched, or even funny. They could easily go a step further and say that this is the way in which the capitalist system diverts the workers' attention from burning social problems. One has to be careful when trying to assess the reactions to news and propaganda of people living under entirely different conditions.

It is often asked how the Chinese peasant, whose ancestors have for over a thousand years lived their life far from urban centres, takes to this twentieth-century technological drive. From what I have seen in the communes—and this may not be representative—there seems to be little difficulty. Most Asians appear to have a remarkable degree of native skill and manual dexterity. This goes a long way, even in modern technological processes, if a large labour force is available. The great secret of cheap Japanese transistor radios lies in the deft fingers of many hundreds of Japanese girls. Admittedly there are considerable differences between technological development in China and Japan, but the example of the latter should not be neglected when assessing what China is capable of. In a modern factory in Tokyo I saw two workmen shaping the ten-foot steel dome of a heat exchanger with long sledge-hammers. It was an aesthetic pleasure to watch the beautifully co-ordinated motion of these two Japanese and to see how the hot metal took on a perfect shape under their hands. The chief engineer told me that they had a modern steel press which could have done the same work but the hammer blows of these two men were more accurate. Using their skill and their capacity for long hours of sustained work, the Japanese have in a short time fashioned a modern industrial state. And there are nearly ten times more Chinese in the world than Japanese.

Technological training in the communes is necessarily on a low



Constructing the Sanmenshia dam on the Yellow River: the work was started in 1957 and is due to be completed this year



level, and with only a small number of foreign-trained technologists, the Chinese are making a great effort at higher technical education. In order to go ahead unhampered by a necessarily slow academic development, they have taken all technological studies out of the universities. Instead they have established, and are establishing, a great number of fairly specialized institutions in which, side by side, teaching and research are carried out. There are institutes for petroleum technology, for electronic engineering, for architecture, and so on. The students receive intensive training in a limited technological subject. The aim is to get, as quickly as possible, a great number of highly qualified specialists for the technological drive. A balance to these strictly vocational institutions is provided by the science faculties of the universities where the basic scientific problems which underlie technology are being taught and studied. There also exist centres for a type of technological learning which is turned more towards application than in the universities but provides a broader basis than the specialist institutes. Tsinghua Technical University near Peking is one of these.

Naturally, it is difficult for us to form an opinion on the quality of the Chinese student. In Moscow my colleagues told me that the Chinese students coming to work in the Soviet Union are gifted and incredibly hard-working, and that they are often at the top of their classes. Also, I have been much impressed by the young Chinese-born scientists whom I have met here and particularly in the United States. It should not be forgotten that three years ago the Nobel prize in physics was awarded to two young Chinese working in America. There is thus no reason to doubt that the Chinese possess the scientific genius and the talent to sustain a modern technological programme. It means that when they enter the field of industrial competition in earnest, they are likely to do so in their own right and not merely as imitators of Western methods. Discussing scientific or technological problems with the Chinese, one becomes acutely aware of many centuries of mental schooling. Their arguments are clever, shrewd, and to the point, and one feels that the minds which for more than a thousand years have been sharpened by classical training find little difficulty in making the change to science.

Why, then, have the Chinese failed to develop a technological civilization earlier? The communists say that they were prevented from doing so by imperialist intervention, an explanation in which there is probably some truth; but this can only have affected them for the last hundred years. Possibly the fault lies with the Manchu dynasty which came to power in 1644. Being foreigners, with little cultural background themselves, the Manchus held on for centuries to traditional Chinese life and tenaciously resisted all attempts at reform. But whatever was the reason for technological backwardness in China, it evidently was not lack of aptitude.

For a vast country like China, communication and transport are a vital problem. Air travel is still in its infancy but the railways have been vastly improved. Thanks to the new Yang-tse bridge at Wuchang, the more than 1,500-mile journey from Canton to Peking now takes only forty-two hours, which, with comfortable sleeping-cars and good food, is no hardship. The rolling stock appears to be well maintained, is kept scrupulously clean and the outside of the train is thoroughly washed at every station—and with remarkable speed.

As regards speed, the Chinese have certainly out-Americanized the Americans. After centuries of inertia, they have suddenly discovered that they can do things faster than anyone else in the



A sweeper on a Chinese train making his half-hourly round of the carriages

Photographs: Henri Cartier-Bresson

world. They take you to the People's Assembly Hall in Peking which has seats for 10,000 delegates and a restaurant for over 4,000, and tell you that it was built in less than a year. Everywhere the living houses, as well as huge buildings, are going up at an incredible rate, and progress on them can easily be noted in a few days. Few of these buildings have steel-frame construction and in general the secret is an ample supply of hard-working labour—but it also lies in organization. Altogether one is astonished by the absence of muddle and confusion often so characteristic of underdeveloped countries trying their hand at modern technological development. The Chinese seem to be remarkably capable of organizing big numbers efficiently and without fuss. Travelling through the country, I saw a few large projects under construction, mostly irrigation works. The place was black with people as far as one could see: men with picks and shovels and women with baskets full of earth dangling from bamboo poles over their shoulders. But there was no congestion anywhere; all of them moved with a smooth and well-coordinated rhythm.

One of the many slogans which has caught on particularly well is: 'Learn while you work'. The positive attitude of the Chinese towards technology and industrialization has made

this into a powerful instrument for speeding up development. I was told that at the building of the great Yang-tse bridge they started with a fairly small number of skilled crews. The others watched. Soon many more could do the skilled work, and so it went on in a chain reaction of learning. As in the Soviet Union, the workers of China have this immense desire to learn because they enjoy it and not just because they want better jobs. In terms of industrial production this means that the Chinese scientists and engineers will be backed by a good supply of eager and enthusiastic technicians, a grade in which our own industry is lamentably short.

It is a sad reflection that the East should have succeeded where we seem to have failed. The great advances which we have achieved in man's domination of the forces of nature—the harnessing of atomic energy and the transmutation of the elements—have been met in the West with nothing better than apathy or even revulsion. The Chinese and Russians take these same things as exciting new developments, destined to enrich the life of human society. The day will come, and it may not be too far off, when the two civilizations will meet—on the battlefield of competitive industrial production.

While the thirst for technological knowledge and its application is common to Russia and China, there is nevertheless a great difference. All that in the Soviet Union is birth and construction is in China re-birth and re-construction. However modern the political and economic views of one's Chinese friends may be, subconsciously they are backed by the past greatness of China. When the mind of China now turns to technology, it does so with the moral strength of historical successes. In her long history China has passed through a number of reverses and now she will be renewed by the technological drive after a hundred years of humiliation. Wherever one goes and whoever one may talk to in the new China, those 2,000 years of unbroken civilization are in evidence. The buildings and monuments of the old China are receiving the same love and care as the new machines. One is made to feel that to the Chinese technology is not an aim in itself or a copy from the West but simply another chapter in their long and glorious history: if you like, a new mandate of heaven.

—Third Programme



# The Coming Eclipse of the Sun

PATRICK MOORE on sunspots and other problems

**P**REPARATIONS are now being made for an important astronomical event. On Wednesday February 15 there will be a total eclipse of the Sun. The line of totality will pass across south France, north Italy, and Yugoslavia into Russia, and many scientific expeditions will be stationed at the most favourable points.

From Great Britain, unfortunately, the eclipse will not be total, though it will be the largest partial eclipse for many years and will not be exceeded until 1999. In London, the Sun rises at 7.15 a.m., and will already be partly eclipsed; the maximum phase (93 per cent.) occurs at 7.42, and the eclipse ends at 8.47. The times for other parts of the British Isles differ by a few minutes; in Glasgow, for instance, the maximum phase is 89 per cent, and the middle of the eclipse occurs at 7.48.

When the Moon hides the Sun completely, and produces a total eclipse, the spectacle is indeed glorious. The outer surroundings of the Sun, the chromosphere and the corona, flash into view, and the sky becomes dark enough for some stars to be seen. However, the corona and other features of totality cannot be seen with the naked eye unless the bright solar disk is fully covered. Even a small portion of the disk is enough to prevent their coming into view. Incidentally, this emphasizes the danger of using a telescope, or even binoculars, to look at the eclipse; to look straight at the Sun in this way means that the observer's eyesight will be permanently damaged. Neither is it safe to use a dark 'sun-cap' fitted over the eyepiece of the telescope, since no such cap can give adequate protection. During the eclipse of June 30, 1954, which was total over parts of Scandinavia, a large number of people in Britain had to have hospital treatment for 'spots before the eyes' after staring at the partially eclipsed Sun. It is always wise to take full precautions, and for naked-eye viewing a heavily smoked glass should be used. This applies even for this month's eclipse, when the Sun will be very low in the sky.

For the first time, an attempt is to be made to show the total phase on television, and Eurovision links are planned between Britain, France, Italy, and Yugoslavia. The times of totality are 7.32½-7.34½ for Nice Observatory (France), 7.35½-7.38 for Arcetri (Italy), and 7.47-7.49 for Nis (Yugoslavia), so that it should be possible to show the total eclipse three times. The view in Britain will be shown by means of a camera in an aircraft which will take off from the region of Selsey, in Sussex. Much naturally depends on the weather, but the experiment is certainly worth making from the scientific as well as the 'general interest' point of view.

From Yugoslavia, the track of totality passes into the U.S.S.R., and crosses the Crimean Astrophysical Observatory. It is true to say that the solar corona can be really well studied only during totality, and there are various other important features of which the same can be said, so that a total eclipse is of great astronomical importance. Since the Crimean Observatory has a world-wide reputation for solar work, full advantage will be taken of the

fortunate location of the totality track. It may be worth mentioning one piece of research which is not directly associated with the Sun: N. A. Kozirev proposes to spend the 2.7 minutes of totality in taking spectrograms of the planet Mercury in an attempt to confirm the existence of an atmosphere. Mercury will be 13 degrees from the Sun, and for this brief period it will be seen against a relatively dark sky.

The Sun is a perfectly ordinary star, with a G-type spectrum and a surface temperature of 6,000 degrees Centigrade. Light from the Sun reaches us in less than nine minutes, as against over four years from the closest of the other stars (Proxima Centauri). The Sun, therefore, is the only star which may be studied in detail by means of visual observations. If we can solve some of the outstanding problems of solar physics, we will also gain knowledge about the remaining stars in our own Galaxy and external systems.

For most of this work, special equipment is needed, but any small telescope will show the interesting dark patches known as sunspots. (These should always be observed by projecting the solar image on to a white screen—never by direct viewing, because of the serious risk of damaging the eye.) Some spots, indeed, may be seen with no optical aid whatsoever, particularly

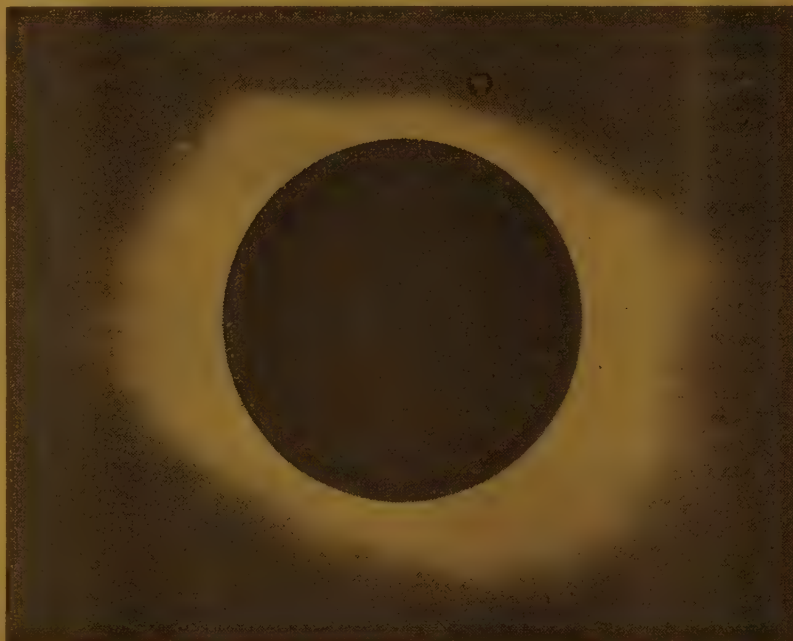
when the Sun is low down and shines through mist or haze.

The spots may be of immense size; the largest group ever recorded, that of April 1947, covered over 7,000,000 square miles. However, they are not permanent, since they are features of the gaseous photosphere, and can never last for more than a few months, while small spots may have a lifetime of less than an hour. Single spots are not uncommon, but in general we see spot groups, some of which may be highly complex. A large spot usually consists of a dark central *umbra* surrounded by a lighter *penumbra*, but the shape is often very irregular, and there may be many *umbræ* contained in one penumbral area. Though the *umbra* appears blackish, this is merely an effect of contrast. The temperature is in the region of 4,000 degrees Centigrade, 2,000 degrees cooler than the normal photosphere, so that the spot would appear extremely brilliant if it could be seen shining by itself.

The Sun takes rather less than one month to rotate on its axis. Daily charts of the disk will therefore show that the spots are apparently drifting from one side to the other, eventually disappearing over the limb—to reappear about a fortnight later on the opposite limb, assuming that they still persist. Regular photographs of the Sun are taken at official observatories and also by many amateurs, so that there is a complete record of activity.

The cause of sunspots is still uncertain. Many theories have been put forward, but none may be regarded as wholly satisfactory. Meanwhile, let us deal with a few of the major and minor associated problems, beginning with the solar cycle.

In the nineteenth century Schwabe, a skilful and enthusiastic German amateur, found that sunspots are not always equally common. Every eleven years there is a period of maximum



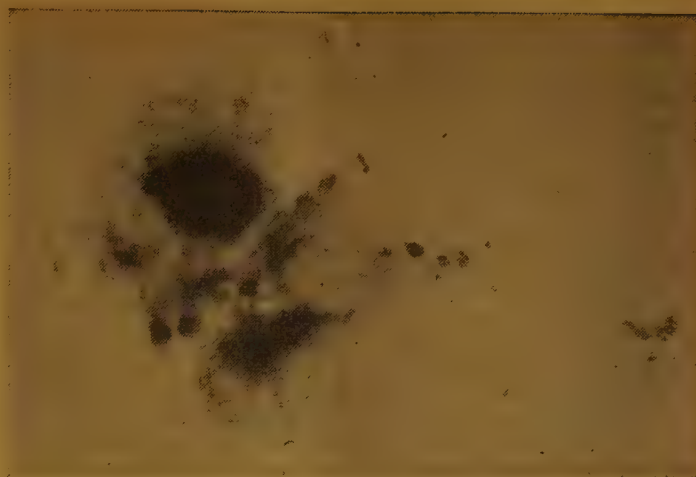
The corona round the dark rim of the Sun during total eclipse



activity; then the spot-numbers decrease, until there is a period when the disk may be spotless for days at a time, after which activity gradually builds up once more to the next maximum. Later, another German—Spörer—announced the 'law' which bears his name. Spots are never seen at the Sun's poles; a new cycle begins with small, sparsely-spaced spots in the north and south, and as the cycle proceeds the spots not only become more common but also approach the equator. After maximum, the spots continue to approach the equator, becoming less common once more. While the last spots of the old cycle fade out, the new cycle of spots in high latitudes has commenced. Magnetic studies indicate that the true cycle is not eleven years, but twenty-two—a period which includes two minima. Yet this value is only an average, since the cycle is not regular and may be considerably longer or shorter than the mean.

It used to be thought that sunspots had an adverse effect upon the weather, causing cloud and storms. In view of the obvious interest in this question, it may be worth examining in a little more detail. Maxima occurred about 1927, 1938-39, and 1947. In Britain, very cold winters occurred at these times; many people will have memories of the heavy snowfalls in 1947. Minima took place in 1921 and 1933, when Britain experienced extremely hot summers accompanied by droughts. It is easy to say, then, that the weather is linked with the sunspot cycle. Yet this would be jumping to conclusions. For instance, the eighteen months of the International Geophysical Year coincided with a solar maximum—indeed, the I.G.Y. was timed accordingly. In 1959, when the Sun was not long past maximum, the disk was still very active, but the summer in Britain was probably the best within living memory. This does not support the suggested correlation, and we must also remember that the weather is not uniform all over the Earth; for instance, Britain may have a hot, dry summer while other countries such as Russia and the United States experience relatively cool and wet conditions. On the whole it seems that the association between sunspots and the weather rests upon uncertain evidence, and it is now rejected by most astronomers.

Other connexions have been proposed. The most curious of these is due to E. J. Öpik, who believes that sunspots affect human mentality, so that periods of maximum activity are associated with political revolutions. Ideas of such a kind cannot, of course, be taken seriously, but in some ways the solar activity does produce visible effects on Earth. It is associated, for instance, with the beautiful glows known as auroræ, or polar lights. Auroræ are



Spots on the Sun's surface photographed last November

W. M. Baxter

produced by electrified particles sent out from the Sun, which enter the Earth's upper atmosphere and cause the glows. It is clear, therefore, that auroræ are likely to be more frequent during solar maxima, and this is confirmed by observation. There were bright auroræ over Britain on several occasions during the period of the I.G.Y., when spot-groups were frequent and large, but since activity is now on the wane we cannot expect many such auroræ for the next few years. In higher latitudes auroræ are naturally more common, and the long winter night in, say, Greenland or north Norway would seem strange and drab without them.

Even on the unspotted areas of the Sun, activity is always going on. The photosphere is not calm; it is covered with granulations, which are in a state of constant turbulence and seldom last for long. Generally, a granule has a width of about 500 miles. Their nature of granules is not definitely known, but the appearance may well be due to the tops of gas-currents which rise and fall.

More spectacular are the brilliant, short-lived flares which are associated with active areas. The first of these to be recorded was seen in 1859 by two amateurs, Hodgson and Carrington, but for many years no more were observed. Flares visible in ordinary telescopes are in fact so rare that an observer may go through his whole lifetime without seeing one, though spectroscopic work has shown that flares are common phenomena. It seems that they are 'storms' in the chromosphere, of an electrical nature, the hydrogen atoms being caused to glow brilliantly by electrical excitation. They spread rapidly in a horizontal direction, but there is little vertical movement, and they seem to be confined to the depth of the chromosphere (8,000 to 10,000 miles). They are usually, though not invariably, situated in or very near spot-groups.

Flares emit radio waves and ultra-violet, and produce magnetic storms on the Earth, as well as interfering with wireless reception. They also emit particles of the type which produce auroræ. There is a chance that in the future, when manned space-flight becomes possible, particles sent out by flares may prove to be a source of danger to interplanetary travellers.

It would be idle to pretend that the amateur observer can undertake much original solar research, but there are some investigations which may be usefully followed up. There is, in particular, the so-called Wilson Effect. As the Sun rotates on its axis, spots come into view round the eastern limb and disappear over the western. If the spots are hollows, a symmetrical spot will seem to have its leading penumbra lengthened as it comes over the eastern limb and shortened as it passes out of view on the opposite limb. If the spots are elevated, the reverse effects will be seen. Observation shows that most of the spots are depressed, but occasionally one finds what seems to be a raised area, and this underlines how little we know of the origin and nature of sunspots.

In every way the Sun is a fascinating object. Instruments based upon the principle of the spectroscope mean that some features, such as the prominences, may be observed at any time, but it is only during a total eclipse that the corona is seen to advantage. This is why February 15 is regarded as a special occasion: it will be May 1966 before the next total eclipse occurs over any part of Europe.—Based on the B.B.C. television programme of January 30, in which Patrick Moore was talking to W. M. Baker



A display of auroræ photographed last winter in Alaska



## The Greeks

## Greek Literature after Homer

By KENNETH DOVER

**M**OST Greek literature is lost. Out of nearly 4,000 plays produced at Athens in a space of two centuries, less than fifty survive intact. Out of some fifty historians who wrote during that same period, we have the works of only three. Of lyric poetry, only a tiny proportion is available to us in readable form. But we know a good deal about what we have lost, thanks to quotations and references in the literature which survives, and thanks to the discovery of papyrus fragments; and it is true on the whole to say that most of what survived from the Ancient World into the Middle Ages, and so to our own time, did so because it was what was most read and most admired. So it happens that nearly all the Greek literature which we have is first-rate, the centuries have swallowed up the rest.

The most remarkable thing about Greek literature is that we do not feel, in reading it and listening to it, that Greek writers were trying, in a primitive way, to do something which we have learnt to do better. Their response to people and things was different from ours, and their perception of the world was in some ways simpler, in other ways more subtle. The Greek writer, like the Greek sculptor, was more interested in creating what ought to exist than in representing what does; but his idea of what ought to exist was always based on an acceptance of human life as he found it. He was a perfectionist in technique, and intolerant of work that did not measure up to the highest technical standards; the idea that self-expression might be in itself artistically interesting would have seemed strange to him.

It is convenient to describe Greek literature in terms of three great stages or periods: the 'Archaic' period, down to (roughly) 500 B.C.; the 'Classical' period, from 500 to about 300; and the 'Hellenistic' period, thereafter to the end of the Ancient World. The Classical period is the heart of Greek literature. It was during those two centuries, between 500 and 300 B.C., that most types of literature took shape and grew to maturity. It was during the same two centuries that Athens became the cultural centre of the Greek world; and a very high proportion of Classical Greek literature is Athenian.

The Homeric poems have already been discussed in the series\*. They had an immense influence, not only on Greek writers but on every aspect of Greek life for many centuries, yet they had no worthy successors or imitators. In the Archaic period, Greek creative writing turned to new forms and subjects; its distinctive achievement was in lyric poetry, designed for singing or recitation; some of it solo, with comparatively simple verse-patterns, some for a chorus, with verse-patterns which are at times extremely complex. In it we meet many elements which endured

as characteristics of Greek poetry in general. One is the way in which myths about a heroic age—about Helen of Troy, the wanderings of Odysseus, or the strange fate of Oedipus—are taken for granted. These heroes and heroines were real and intimate to the Greeks; they were worshipped in the localities where they were believed to have lived, and many of them were claimed as ancestors by contemporary noble families. The second characteristic is a love of moralizing. When the two characteristics

are combined, we get a myth used as an example to illustrate an argument. You might expect frequent use of the same myths, and the frequent pointing of the same morals to become monotonous; but the Greek poet is saved by his very sharp eye for colour and movement, his capacity for complete absorption in a scene, and by an imagination which often takes an unexpected direction. Here is a typical solo lyric poem of Sappho, a woman who lived on the island of Lesbos about 600 B.C.; one of the verses is missing, and I have patched up the hole with a few words that accord with the drift of the poem—



*Hecuba*, by Euripides, in a performance by members of the Greek National Theatre

What is fairest on the dark face of earth?

Some say, a host of horsemen; some say, soldiers;  
and some say, ships; but *I* say: what you *love*.

This is easy to prove; who could not see it?

She who surpassed mankind in beauty, Helen,  
left her kingly husband, and gave no thought  
to child or parents, sailing off to Troy.

For Love so led her, and his will was hers.

And Love puts Anaktoria in my mind.

For I would rather see her lovely step,  
her sparkling face, than all the chariots  
of Lydia and men battling in full armour.

The greatest of the writers of choral lyric—in fact, the last great writer of choral lyric—Pindar, who came from Boeotia—lived in the early part of the Classical period. Most of his poems were composed to be sung at festivals or celebrations. Pindar's language is elaborate, and he has a liking for the oblique and the enigmatic. But by his time poetry had begun to mean something besides lyric or epic. Not long before 500 B.C. someone—we do not know who—made a chorus and an actor represent and enact a portion of heroic legend instead of simply singing about it, and thus created drama. In the hands of Aeschylus (an almost exact contemporary of Pindar and a profoundly original dramatist with a flair for the spectacular) tragedy developed with remarkable speed. Aeschylus is one of the three great names of Athenian tragedy; the other two, Sophocles and Euripides, both died some fifty years after him, a few years before 400 B.C.



The subject-matter of tragedy was usually heroic legend, and different dramatists would handle the same legend in different ways. Although psychologically realistic, it was often extremely formal in expression. The presence of the chorus throughout a play was the cause of many dramatic conventions alien to our own practice; dialogue was often put into the form of a strictly regulated debate, line answering line and couplet answering couplet. Here is a passage from the *Antigone* of Sophocles. Antigone is threatened with death by Kreon, the ruler of Thebes, because she has buried the dead body of her brother Polynices. Polynices had attacked Thebes, and her other brother, Eteocles, had defended it; both brothers had been killed. Kreon had given Eteocles an honourable burial, but had forbidden anyone to bury Polynices.

- KREON: Your eyes alone see this, but not the people's.  
 ANTIGONE: They see it; fear of you has curbed their tongues.  
 KREON: You feel no shame that their way is not yours?  
 ANTIGONE: There is no shame in piety towards kindred.  
 KREON: Is *he* no kin, that died in our defence?  
 ANTIGONE: He is my kin; our parents were the same.  
 KREON: Your pious gift was impious towards *him*.  
 ANTIGONE: The dead man's voice will not uphold that plea.  
 KREON: Not if you honour the impious no less?  
 ANTIGONE: It was no slave, it was his *brother* that died.  
 KREON: Wasting this land—which Eteocles defended!  
 ANTIGONE: What's that to Death? I did what Death demands.  
 KREON: The good demand more honour than the bad.  
 ANTIGONE: Does Death give that his blessing? Who can say?  
 KREON: No man that earned our hate earns love by dying.  
 ANTIGONE: I love with him that loves; but hate I cannot.  
 KREON: Go then below, and love the dead, if you  
 Must love. No woman rules *me* while I live!

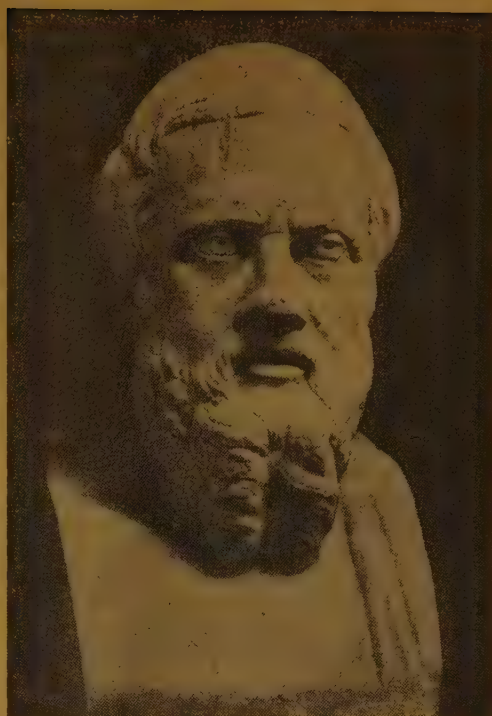
In comedy we enter a rather different world from this. What is called the 'old' comedy—Aristophanes was the most notable of its poets—was firmly rooted in the problems and fashions of its own day. An Aristophanic comedy did not have a 'plot' in the ordinary sense of the word, it built wild fantasies on the basis of a topical idea, and its humour relied heavily on literary parody and satirical comment on living people. Gods, as well as men, were ridiculed; for gods were regarded as enjoying dramatic festivals just as much as men do, and they had to take a joke against themselves. Living men were slandered as well as ridiculed; Aristophanes appears to have been free to bring any accusation, however monstrous or cruel or indecent, against anybody.

In the latter part of the Classical period the sting went out of comedy, and so did the fantasy, the obscenity, and the blasphemy. By 300 B.C. the typical Greek comedy represented typical Greek families involved in the strange operations of chance. This kind was the ancestor of Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*.

The lively ferocity which was characteristic of the old comedy is strongly reflected in Greek oratory. To the average Greek oratory was the most important and interesting type of prose literature, although it is the least appreciated by the modern reader. Most Greek communities, whether or not they were democracies, depended for their working on the persuasion of majorities, and the Greeks applied themselves with immense thoroughness, and their usual gift for turning anything into an art, to the technique of persuasion. A Greek speech, whether designed for a law-court or a political assembly, is what a barrister's speech would be if the

barrister were addressing a very large jury with no judge in control and no possibility of cross-examination. The Greek orator is not concerned to tell us the truth; he is concerned to *win*—often, that is, to secure the death of his enemy or save his own skin, because Greek states freely inflicted the death penalty for political mistakes—and to this end he will use invective, ridicule, exaggeration, and every means of swaying the jury's emotions.

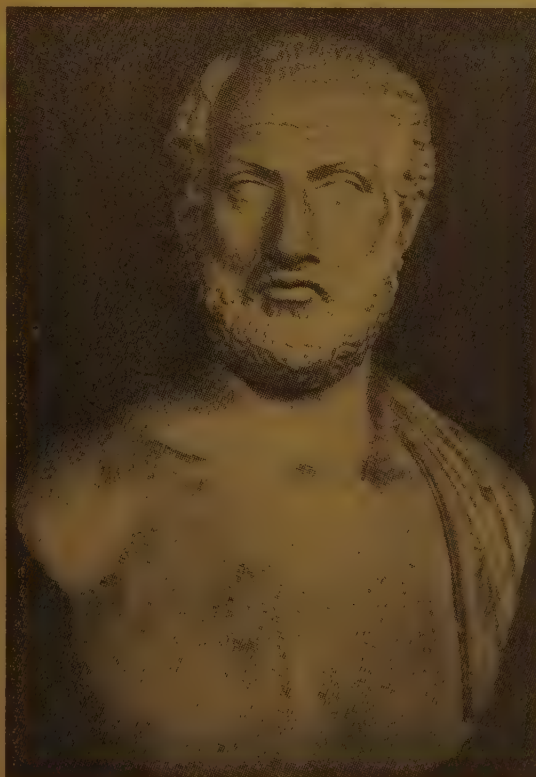
Oratory, as a literary art, was a product of Greek life; it had its roots in practical politics and in the law-courts. But the Greeks were not entirely a practical people. They developed, to a higher degree than any people before them, the capacity of being interested in people and things. This curiosity of theirs manifested itself above all in history and philosophy. The first historians, early in the Classical period, seem to have been interested, characteristically, in genealogies and in the heroic age. History, as we understand the term, was the creation of Herodotus, who took as the core of his subject the defeat by the Greeks of the great Persian invasion of Greece; but he treated this subject in a leisurely, discursive way, going back sixty years for the



'History, as we understand the term, was the creation of Herodotus': a bust of the historian in the Naples National Museum

antecedents of the invasion and digressing, to tell us, for example, about the animals of Libya or Egyptian religion or the geography of the Ukraine. Depending as he does on tradition handed down by word of mouth, he often seems to be giving us the raw material of history, not the finished product of the historian. He says on one occasion: 'It is my duty to tell what is told; to believe it is no part of my duty'—a remark in which he does himself rather less than justice. In a lively passage in which he relates how Cyrus, king of Persia, was killed in battle against the Massagetai, a tribe of Turkestan, and their formidable queen Tomyris:

As Cyrus paid no heed to her words, Tomyris assembled all her forces and joined battle with him. This battle I judge to be the mightiest of all those ever fought between foreign peoples; and I learn that this is what happened. For a long time they were locked in battle, and neither side would flee; but in the end the Massagetai prevailed. The greater part of the Persian army perished on the field, and Cyrus himself died; he had been king for twenty-nine years in all. Tomyris filled a wineskin with human blood and sought the body of Cyrus among the Persian dead; and when she found it, she cast his head into the



Thucydides, who 'digested his material and made it his own': a bust in Holkham Hall, Norfolk



skin of blood. And she mutilated his body and insulted it, saying: 'You have destroyed me, though I live and have conquered you in battle, in that you killed my son by treachery, but you, as I threatened, I will sate with blood'. Many stories are told of the end of Cyrus's life, but the most credible is this that I have told.

The Massagetai wear clothing similar to that of the Scythians, and have a similar way of life. They fight both on horseback and on foot, and both with arrows and with spears; it is their custom to carry battleaxes . . .

The historian Thucydides, who began to take notes for a history of the great war of his own day just about the time that Herodotus was finishing his work, was a very different sort of man. He does more than 'tell what is told'; he digests his material and makes it his own; and his own view of his work sounds peculiarly ambitious. 'I shall be content', he says, 'if my work is judged useful by those who want a clear picture of what has happened and what is likely to happen in the future, mankind being what it is, in essentially similar form'.

If Thucydides had interpreted his own purpose too narrowly, he might have been a rather dull historian; but fortunately he possessed to a very marked degree that Greek ability to find things interesting. Curiously enough, although he stands quite near the beginnings of historical writing, Greek civilization did not produce, in the centuries that followed, a historian of the same quality. Possibly this was because after about 400 B.C. the intellectual energies of the Greeks were increasingly diverted into philosophy.

Philosophical writing had begun about the same time as

historical writing. The earliest philosophers tended to express themselves in an oracular manner, imitating the poets, and throughout the first half of the Classical period the philosopher was expected to expound rather than argue. Then, shortly after 400 B.C., Plato developed one of the most remarkable and fruitful ideas in the history of literature. He gave philosophy a dramatic form, and represented two or more characters arguing together, sometimes from irreconcilable standpoints, sometimes co-operatively. The realistic conversational form of Plato's work gives his readers the illusion that they are taking part in a patient search for the answer to a philosophical question.

I have said nothing about the Hellenistic period. That is not because there were no good creative writers in the centuries after 300 B.C.; there were, and their achievements in some types of literature were remarkable—notably in epigrams, biography, and prose fiction. But the essential characteristic of the Hellenistic age was its own awareness and acknowledgment of the Classical period as a model and of the Classical authors as unsurpassable. When we today put Sophocles, or Aristophanes, or Thucydides, or Plato, in the centre of the study and enjoyment of Greek literature, we are simply recognizing what the Greeks themselves were quick to recognize. I say 'study' deliberately, because when we take up the work of a writer who belongs to any time or place other than our own we cannot always know what he is talking about unless we take the trouble to find out. But the freshness and directness of Greek literature are such that the reward of study is intensified enjoyment, and the barrier which 2,000 years seemed at first to interpose vanishes.—*From a talk in Network Three*

## Signed, Sealed, and Delivered

A BARRISTER discusses title deeds

**L**ORD WESTBURY, who became Lord Chancellor 100 years ago, once stigmatized title deeds as 'difficult to read, impossible to understand, and disgusting to touch'. They were indeed formidable documents; of surpassing proximity, they were composed in a single tortuous sentence and inscribed on one or more unwieldy sheets of parchment about two feet square. Modern deeds are very different; they are generally shorter, and, being laid out in paragraphs on paper of a convenient size, are more intelligible and free from the sensation of greasiness and mildew associated with old parchment. What, then, is a deed? How have these changes come about? And what effect are they having on the law?

A deed is a formal legal document. It must be printed or written on paper or parchment; engraving on wood or stone or writing on linen will not do, for these materials, according to the old commentators, are more liable to alteration or corruption. It has many uses ranging from leases, settlements, and other dealings with property to simple agreements to pay money. Usually no special form of words is required in a deed so long as the intention is clear, but it must be executed with certain formalities. It must be sealed and delivered by any party to become bound by it, and if he is an individual as opposed to a company or corporation he must also sign it. The signature of a witness to these formalities is commonly found but is not essential.

This description of deeds is so vague that it would apply both to Lord Westbury's day and to our own. The changes to which I have referred are changes of practice: changes in the layout of deeds, in the mode of expression of the contents, and in the stringency with which the formalities are observed. Yet in this part of the law, changes of practice are important. In other fields the law in action means a jerky progress from decision to decision punctuated by the sudden impact of legislation; in the techniques of drafting it is the practitioners who set the pace, with the result that here the growth of the law, like that of plants, may be imperceptible but is none the less real and continuous. When a deed is alleged to be defective in form, the judge will seek and apply

contemporary practice; his role is more that of a photographer than a creative artist. So to assess these developments one must look at the practice at widely different times.

I have already mentioned that the deeds of today are much shorter than those of a century ago. There are two main reasons for this. First, many clauses which used to be put into various deeds are now implied in them by statute unless expressly excluded. This process began in 1881, received considerable impetus from the property legislation of 1925, and is still continuing. Thus, since 1948 clauses defining the rights and liabilities of landlords and tenants to maintain, repair, and insure equipment are incorporated in leases of agricultural land, and there is now a bill before parliament to redefine the investment powers of trustees. The second reason for shorter deeds may be found in the altered basis for solicitors' remuneration. Formerly the charges were based on the length of the document, but after 1881 they were related to the value of the property involved. This, too, appears to have had a salutary effect on the length of deeds, for it came to be realized that a party's intentions could be clothed safely and effectively in verbiage which did not involve clouds of synonyms and near synonyms. Tristram Shandy once remarked: 'Upon looking into my mother's marriage-settlement . . . I had the good fortune to pop upon the very thing I wanted before I had read a day and half straight forward—it might have taken me up to a month . . .'. One hopes that this satirical remark would now be regarded as simply grotesque.

Brevity naturally leads to variety and informality. Long forms tend to be stereotyped, for where the forms are long it is easier to adjust the transaction to fit the form than vice versa. Moreover, before the days of typewriters, the draftsman would use a stock of forms laboriously copied with minor adaptations for the particular transaction; now that he can dictate his draft to a stenographer or to a machine, he can mould it more completely to the transaction and at the same time use less archaic language.

If the contents of deeds have undergone a revolution, so also have the formalities with which they must be executed to be opera-



tive. The autograph signature is today the normal method of authenticating documents whether they be agreements, cheques, receipts, or ordinary correspondence. Parties executing deeds have long followed this practice, but it was only recently that a signature became obligatory. A section of the Law and Property Act, 1925, provides that 'where an individual executes a deed, he shall either sign or place his mark upon the same and sealing alone shall not be deemed sufficient'. It has still to be decided whether this means that a party must write his name or mark with a pen, but decisions on similar statutory provisions suggest that a rubber stamp with a facsimile of the signature of the party will suffice. In 1867 the Court of Common Pleas was confronted with such a signature on the notice of objection to the inclusion of a name on a list of voters. By statute this had to be 'signed by the person objecting'. The Court held it to be a valid signature, Chief Justice Bovill saying:

The ordinary mode of affixing a signature to a document is not by the hand alone, but by the hand coupled with some instrument, such as a pen or a pencil. I see no distinction between using a pen or a pencil and using a stamp, where the impression is put upon the paper by the proper hand of the party signing. In each case it is the personal act of the party, and to all intents and purposes a signing of the document by him. If the objector here had used a pencil or a paint brush, it would hardly have been contended that he had not signed the notice.

In 1954 a majority of the Court of Appeal came to a similar conclusion. Hence, it may be argued that signing simply means the placing of some visible mark on the document with the intention of authenticating it. This goes very far, and one cannot but feel the force of the views of the dissenting judge, Lord Justice Denning, who observed that:

The virtue of a signature lies in the fact that no two persons write exactly alike, and so it carries on the face of it a guarantee that the person who signs has given his personal attention to the document.

Whatever may be the situation with other documents, the signing of deeds by rubber stamps has no place in contemporary practice. Accordingly, it is probable that the courts will apply this practice rather than the decisions on other types of documents. This will mean that a party must write his name in ink with his own hand or, if he cannot write, make his mark.

### The Origins of Sealing

If there is one feature which marks off a deed from other less formal documents affecting legal relations, it is the requirement of sealing. No writing without a seal can be a deed. At a time when few could write, sealing was the mode of authenticating documents, and, according to Blackstone, it first became widespread in England under the Normans, whom he describes as 'a brave but illiterate nation'. The original practice was to impress on wax attached to the document a distinctive device, often the party's crest or coat of arms, and this is still the normal practice for corporations. Yet it was never essential that a party's seal should be distinguishable from the seals of other persons. From the very earliest days it has been possible to use a borrowed seal, and it had long been accepted that the party could seal by making an impression directly on the parchment with a stick or even by biting the wax with his teeth.

One would have thought that if sealing counts for anything, some lasting impression must be insisted upon. Yet in 1871 we find Chief Justice Bovill again paying scant regard to form. He said:

To constitute a sealing, neither wax, nor wafer, nor a piece of paper, nor even an impression, is necessary.

Later judges recoiled from this extreme position and rejected as deeds documents declared to be such but which bore no trace of any seal or impression and unsupported by any evidence that the party had in fact sealed it. Nevertheless, by the end of the nineteenth century it was well established that if the document bore a wafer or other adhesive paper, it would be presumed that the party had authenticated the deed by placing his finger on the wafer, and by 1951 this presumption became irrebuttable. The meticulous may still place their fingers on the wafer, but the courts will not listen to evidence that this ceremony was omitted. It is a curious coincidence that at a time when finger-prints have

become recognized as an infallible guide to identity, the lawyers should have rejected even this minimal requirement in the sealing of a deed. What was formerly exceptional has now become normal; the distinctive seal has virtually disappeared with the result that sealing by individuals has become a legal fiction. Even the wafer, now as vestigial and useful as the buttons on the sleeves of men's jackets, will surely disappear, and sealing will be merely a compendious way of describing the signing of a document expressed to be a deed.

### Symbolic Stick or Ring

As well as being sealed, the deed has also to be delivered. This requirement, too, has a long history. In early days land was conveyed by the grantor putting the party in whose favour the grant was made into physical possession. The conveyance was evidenced symbolically by the handing over of a stick or ring, and was often, though not invariably, recorded in writing. At a later stage the delivery of the writing stood in the place of that symbolic handing over of a stick or ring, and hence delivery gave it an effect beyond the mere recording of the transaction. This requirement of delivery was adopted for all deeds irrespective of the nature of the transaction, but the requirement itself became attenuated. In 1867, after some division of opinion, the House of Lords held that a deed might be delivered though it remain in the custody of the grantor. Mr. Justice Blackburn put it this way:

The mere affixing the seal does not render it a deed; but as soon as there are acts or words sufficient to shew that it is intended by the party to be executed as his deed presently binding on him, it is sufficient. The most apt and expressive mode of indicating such an intention is to hand it over, saying: 'I deliver this as my deed'; but any other words or acts that sufficiently shew that it was intended to be finally executed will do as well.

Thus delivery is not a matter of handing over the deed but of its recognition as a deed by the party who seals it. When he sealed it, did he intend it to operate? If so he has delivered it.

What is the position when a party seals a deed, but does not intend it to operate immediately? For example, on a sale of land the vendor does not normally intend the deed to operate until he receives the purchase money, but it is usually inconvenient to postpone sealing until the money is being paid over. In such a case the party is said to execute the document in escrow, that is as a scroll or mere writing. It does not operate as a deed until some event occurs, in the example I have given, until the purchaser pays the price. This situation can be used to test whether delivery means anything more than an intention at the time of sealing that the document shall operate as a deed, whether conditionally or unconditionally. If it does mean something more, for example a declaration or handing over after the performance of the condition, it would follow that before that time arrived the grantor could withdraw from the transaction by the simple expedient of refusing to deliver.

### Refusal to Deliver

This is what the defendant company attempted to do in a recent case. The plaintiff was the tenant under a lease granted by the predecessors of the defendant company. The lease contained an option under which the tenant was entitled to claim a new lease for a further period of twenty-one years. When the original lease came to an end the plaintiff gave notice exercising the option, and in due course the form of the new lease was agreed. A draft lease was prepared for execution by the defendant company and a duplicate or counterpart for execution by the plaintiff. At some date in September 1958, the seal of the defendant company was attached to the new lease and a few days later in September 1958, the plaintiff executed the counterpart lease. Later that month, before the documents were exchanged, there was a meeting of the directors of the defendant company, and one of the directors suggested that the option was unenforceable against the company as it had not been registered in the Land Registry. The company thereupon refused to proceed with the transaction.

The Courts of Appeal would have none of it. A sealed document not intended to take effect until some condition is performed is none the less delivered when it is signed and sealed. If the

(concluded on page 286)



# B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

February 1-7

## Wednesday, February 1

Minister of Health announces various proposed increases in National Health Service charges and contributions. The Opposition tables a motion of censure on the Government

The Prime Minister discusses the ownership of newspapers in Great Britain with Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Grimond

President Kennedy lifts the restrictions on travelling abroad by the dependants of American Servicemen

## Thursday, February 2

All the passengers and crew are taken off the liner 'Santa Maria' as she lies inside Recife harbour in Brazil. A detachment of Brazilian marines boards the ship

Mr. David Bruce is appointed United States ambassador to Britain

The board of Odhams say they would welcome an immediate Government enquiry into the press

## Friday, February 3

Captain Galvão hands over the 'Santa Maria' to Admiral Dias Fernandes, Commander of the Brazilian Navy in Recife

It is announced that ten leaders of both sides of British industry are to consider ways of boosting Britain's exports and increasing the standard of living of her people

## Saturday, February 4

Moscow radio announces that Russia has put into orbit round the earth a space ship weighing six-and-a-half tons—the heaviest to be launched so far

New York is struck by one of the worst snow storms in its history

It is reported from Angola that a group of armed Africans has attacked prisons and police headquarters, in Luanda, the capital

## Sunday, February 5

Several people are reported to have been killed in rioting in Angola

Russia protests to Italy against plans to allow West Germany to base troops on Sardinia and set up a rocket range for training purposes

## Monday, February 6

President Kennedy sends a special message to Congress outlining his proposals for dealing with the American balance of payments deficit and the outflow of gold

Mr. James Zarb, the British business man who has been imprisoned since 1956 on charges of spying, is released by the Egyptian authorities

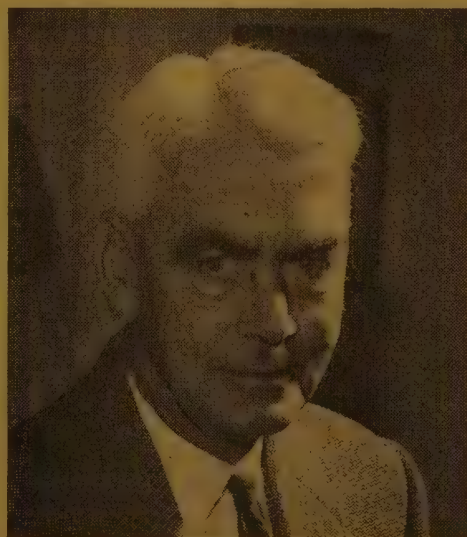
## Tuesday, February 7

In London the Attorney-General opens a case against three men and two women on charges under the Official Secrets Act

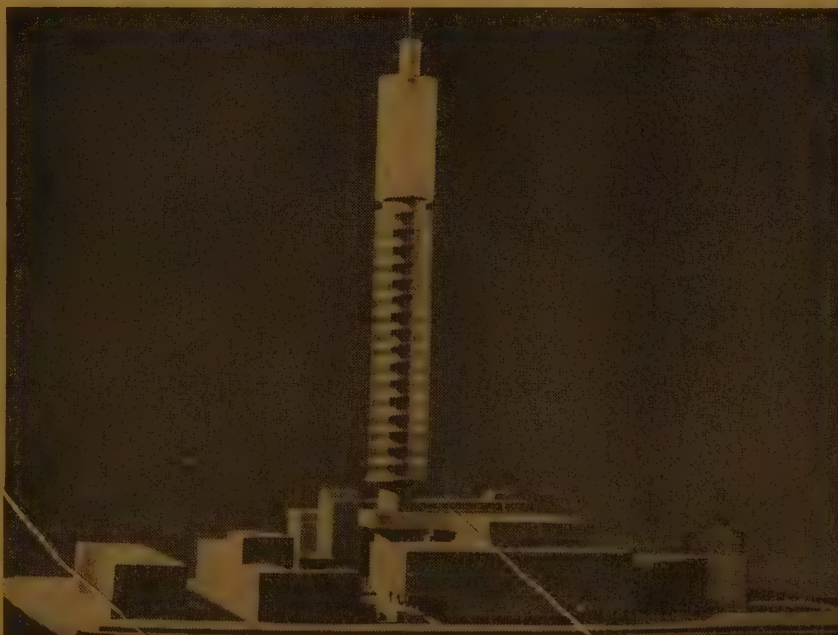
Higher ranks in the police force to get pay increases back-dated to last September



The Queen and Prince Philip arrive in Karachi from India on February 1 to begin their visit to Pakistan. *Above:* the Queen and President Mohammed Ayub Khan wave to the cheering crowds as, after their arrival at the airport, they drive through Karachi in an open car. *Right:* the Queen receives a guest at the State Banquet held at the President's house



*Left:* Viscount Dunrossil, the Governor-General of Australia, who died on February 2 in Canberra at the age of sixty-seven. Lord Dunrossil was previously the Rt. Hon. W. S. Morrison, Speaker of the House of Commons from 1951 until 1959, the first Scot to be chosen as Speaker since 1835. Earlier as a young barrister he had been in 1929 elected M.P. (Conservative) for the Cirencester and Tewkesbury Division of Gloucestershire, which he represented until he left the Commons. Morrison was a distinguished Financial Secretary to the Treasury (1935-36) in Mr. Baldwin's Government. He was then Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries (1936-39), Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (1939), and Minister of Food (1940). In Mr. Churchill's wartime Coalition he served as Postmaster-General and as Minister of Town and Country Planning



Only a strip of roadway is

*Left:* a Ministry of Works Telephone Exchange in





A photograph taken by a Dutch passenger of Captain Henrique Galvão (left foreground) sitting at a table on board the Portuguese liner 'Santa Maria' during one of the many meetings that took place on the vessel following her seizure by Captain Galvão and his followers on January 23

Right: Mr. David Ben-Gurion (right) accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Yitzhak Navon, seen on January 31 on his way to President Ben-Zvi of Israel to submit his letter of resignation as Prime Minister. His action brought down the six-party coalition government



in sea and floodwater in an aerial picture taken last week of floods at Seaview, Isle of Wight

a 500-foot tower which the Post Office plans to build at the Museum London to replace the 180-foot radio mast on the existing building



Australian players appeal as the West Indian batsman, C. C. Hunte, is run out for 79 in the Fourth Test match at Adelaide. The game ended in a draw on February 1 after a spectacular last-wicket stand by the Australians L. Kline and K. Mackay



The five Russian race horses, which are coming to England to run at Aintree in either the Grand National or the Topham Trophy, are seen exercising last week at the Hippodrome in Moscow



# The Structure of Mind\*

By A MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

WHEN WE TRY TO INVESTIGATE the structure of mind we are often limited to the observation of behaviour. This means that we are like archaeologists excavating a town buried in silt. We first come across the uppermost roof tops, which we may compare with the exhibited forms of behaviour of the individual. We have to guess as we work our way down that we shall find various structures, until finally we come to the foundations of the building.

In observing psychological behaviour we have not yet been able to dig very deep. There are several reasons for this. For one thing, we cannot chart our way by visible elements. Then, differing kinds of mental activity may give rise to the same form of behaviour. For instance, a sudden gasp may be the result of a bright idea, a painful pinch, or a shocking sight: we have no way of telling which, from the behaviour alone. Thirdly, we are unable to bridge the gap between psychological behaviour and its underlying physical and chemical basis in the nervous system. For these reasons much of psychology has been description and categorization, in which similar qualities are compared and dissimilar are contrasted. Though this is an essential process in the development of any scientific study it is apt to be misleading, and we have to expect surprises, just as many of us were very surprised to hear that the Moon, at whose visible and unchanged face man has stared for thousands of years, is, in fact, slightly egg-shaped.

Nevertheless, descriptive psychology has taught us much. For example, it was quickly seen that intelligence—that is, the power to act with discrimination in a novel situation—was a quality possessed in differing degrees by different individuals. Then there are personality, character, and temperament. Personality is the power of self or ego, and has to do with the impact that an individual makes upon people, which helps to determine the rank in society which he attains. Character has to do with maturity, and qualities like power of decision, persistence, courage, and steadfastness. People of strong character are more in control of their thoughts and feelings than those who are weak.

## Basic Feeling Tone

However, it is not always easy to distinguish between traits of character and personality, because no really satisfactory definitions are possible until we understand their true nature. So one man will respect the strength of character of an individual, while another will ascribe the same qualities to force of personality. With temperament we are on surer ground. Temperament has to do with feelings, and may be defined as basic feeling tone. The psychologists have given this feeling tone the name 'affect'. We can easily recognize persons of sanguine temperament—happy, optimistic people who believe, or rather feel, that all is well; whereas those of pessimistic temperament are gloomy and always predict troubles ahead. Temperament

undergoes normal variations on an up and down scale, and determines the prevailing moods which in turn can be divided into individual emotions. A happy mood leads to increased mental activity. A happy man behaves vigorously, communicates readily, and is generally outward going rather than inward looking.

The classification of these fundamental traits and their various sub-classes led at one time to the idea that finite mental qualities occupied specific portions of the physical brain, a theory which expressed itself in the bogus science of phrenology, the study of 'bumps on the head'—which is just one example of the pitfalls of the descriptive methods of investigation.

A new idea emerged towards the end of the last century. Freud said there is an essential mainspring at the root of human conduct which originates deep in the mind. Psychology, he maintained, is not static, but dynamic, and behaviour is the result of drives and aims which at their basic level are not accessible to conscious thinking processes. He divided the mind into an unconscious and a conscious; and a further portion, partly conscious and partly unconscious, which he called the super-ego, loosely synonymous with the conscience and concerned with ideas of right and wrong. Freud regarded the mind of the new-born child as a mass of instinctive drives and aims, later modified by interaction with reality, particularly the demands of society.

## The Effects of Maturity

In the maturing process the drives might be checked: this Freud called repression; or distorted into unrecognizable forms, which he called symbolic behaviour; or transmuted into socially desirable activities, which he called sublimation. If Freud's theory is correct the old ideas must be considered afresh, for mental qualities cannot be wholly conscious processes; part, possibly most, of them must exist at an unconscious level. We might then place at the upper end—that is the nearest to the mental surface—the intellectual processes, including, of course, intelligence. At the lower end we would place temperament, closely related to basic feelings, aims and drives. In between, and on the same level as one another, we would have personality and character, which we can regard as developed tendencies to behaviour.

These methods of psychological study have given us much understanding, but they do not tell us the relationships between basic drives and behaviour tendencies, nor what may be the chain of events by which the basic drives become operational. For this, new ways of study have been needed: fortunately over recent years three new avenues have been opened up: first, the application of mathematical methods to the investigation of individual and group behaviour; second, the physical and biochemical study of the brain; and, third, the analysis of the relationships between injury or disease of the brain and the accompanying mental changes.

The last method tells us something of the

way in which mind is a function of brain. It is interesting to see that the old theory of localization of brain function was in some ways right and in others wide of the mark. Parts of the brain which have to do with the reception of specific information, for example visual information, are specifically localized. Similarly the parts of the brain which originate movement are accurately connected to the muscles concerned, through a series of relays, in much the same way as a caller is connected to the receiver by telephone. But where intellectual processes are concerned the brain tends to work as a whole. Historically these higher functions have been developed as man's latest acquisition, and most of them have to do with his relationship with the outside world.

## Severe Brain Injury

It is striking to find that while injury of some local part of the brain can destroy a particular function, such as eyesight, it may have no effect on intellectual activity. When people who had received very severe brain injuries began to survive, thanks to modern surgery and antibiotics, doctors were surprised to find the higher mental function still intact. But this was not so if the injury involved the frontal lobes of the brain, or the part most concerned with feeling and emotion, called the mid-brain.

This knowledge has been put to use in treatment; it has been found that if the nervous connexions between the frontal lobes and the mid-brain are severed, there is an immediate emotional change in the patient. This operation, called prefrontal leucotomy, may be performed on patients suffering from great emotional tension, particularly in relation to fixed ideas. Ideas do not exist in isolation; they have attached emotion which covers them as clothing covers the body. Ideas without feeling are unacceptable. Sometimes the intensity of what we might call the idea feeling complex has become so great that it dominates the mind. We can carry out the operation of prefrontal leucotomy under local anaesthetic—that is, on the conscious patient—and as the fibres are cut, first on one side and then on the other, the patient experiences an instantaneous relief. This operation has been used for the treatment of a number of diseases, but is probably most successful where the basic disorder is one of temperament.

An entirely different disease is one we call schizophrenia. This is little understood and hard to treat, but it looks as if one of its main features is the impairment of communication which it causes in the brain. This disrupts the activities of the brain as a whole, and the result is almost always a deterioration of personality. The patient finds great difficulty in his relationships with the outside world.

A cruder type of damage may occur after severe head injury. In such cases we note a loss of emotional control and a marked deterioration of the finer qualities of personality

\* The first of two talks on drugs and the brain



and character, while many other functions remain intact. The result is a coarsening rather than a blunting of personality.

But damage to the brain can be more subtle than this: it can affect no more than a few cells. One of the functions of brain cells is the production of rhythmic impulses of energy. The illness epilepsy is often caused by an abnormally active group of cells or focus, which every now and again sparks off, as it were, a

general phase of over-activity of the brain as a whole. This behaviour may be preceded by what is called an aura: a sensation which foreshadows the attack to come. If the focus is in the temporal lobe of the brain, which has to do with hearing and complex activities such as the appreciation and understanding of sound and language, the aura often consists of sound images, as you might expect. But what was unexpected, and is particularly interesting, is the

fact that a focus in the temporal lobe can also lead to complex forms of confused behaviour. Nowadays, such a focus can sometimes be removed, and the epileptic attacks stop.

The science of mind, and its relationship with the substance of brain, has lagged behind the advance made in other fields of science. But these recent discoveries, and the advances in drug treatment, have opened up exciting prospects.—*Network Three*

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Industrial Management

Sir,—Might one suggest that the view of industrial management put forward by Mr. D. F. Hutchison ('Authority and the Individual in Industry', THE LISTENER, February 2) is a somewhat limited one? It is perfectly correct to say that the management function is an autocratic one, but it is not correct to say that management *needs* to be authoritarian in a democratic society—indeed, some of us would argue that no society which has a management structure of the kind advocated by Mr. Hutchison has a right to call itself democratic, save in a strictly limited sense. We are told:

Because of the confusion between the management function and the trade-union role, much of the conflict in industry is destructive because it slows up the vital decision-taking function. This results in the individual being much poorer than he need be in the aesthetic, spiritual and material spheres. I mention all three aspects because it is often thought that industry is purely materialistic.

Mr. Hutchison seems to be arguing that to give people fuller spiritual and aesthetic lives the thing to do is to let the boss get on producing more and more goods—regardless of the human relations within the industry, save of course where these interfere with production. Several countries, Yugoslavia and Israel among them, have recently shown that it is possible to run industry with an extension of industrial democracy and to do it with a fair measure of success. This does not imply, of course, that the trade unions do not need to reconsider their functions and role but this is different from the suggestion that authoritarian capitalist management is necessarily the most desirable or even the most efficient.

There seems to be no place in Mr. Hutchison's scheme of things for people who claim as a *right* the privilege to have a direct share in the taking of decisions which will markedly affect their lives. Even if an authoritarian management system is the most productive it is still possible to argue that workers would rather be moderately well-off adults than affluent children with all the decisions made in the interests of more production.

Finally, Mr. Hutchison seems to forget the major losses in production that occur every year by way of boredom and frustration masquerading as the common cold or other excuses to avoid the boredom of being a British factory worker. Is there any cure for this in Mr.

Hutchison's approach to industrial management?—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1. PETER HENDERSON, Jnr.

Sir,—Mr. Hutchison's suggestion that 'some aspects of democracy must be introduced into the industrial world' is apparently merely a grudging concession to 'current views'. The limitation imposed on this concession is presumably justified because 'most citizens fail to realize that they spend the larger part of their lives in an authoritarian situation'. He surely underestimates the awareness of employees. And he ignores the well-attested dependence of low morale, with petty strikes, etc., on the authoritarian attitude of employers.

Unfortunately Mr. Hutchison does not define his terms. He claims dogmatically that management must be autocratic. Then he introduces discreet and vague doses of 'consultation'. But consultation has reality only to the extent that influence can be exercised on decisions; i.e., to the extent that autocracy is diluted. If autocracy fully prevails, consultation is a sham.

It is significant that the word leadership is not used. The concept itself is missing. Leadership is, in fact, the solution of the dilemma—autocracy or democracy—synthesizing the values of each. And the leader's authority is not less than that of the autocrat. As Elliott Jacques says (*The Changing Culture of a Factory*): 'The more far-reaching the control exercised by the consultative system, the more complete the authority invested in the executive system'.

The two vague references to 'spiritual' values are nowhere elucidated. I suspect they are the sugar on the pill. In fact those values are personal; autocracy cannot provide the climate where they flourish.

Yours, etc.,

Swindon

NORMAN PASSANT

### Tourism Unlimited

Sir,—It is difficult to be impressed by your editorial response to Sir Herbert Read's article, 'Tourism Unlimited' (THE LISTENER, January 26). Your remark that 'One cannot deprive people of their chance to see the world and to perceive its life and art', is curiously disingenuous. You might as well remark that nobody should be deprived of the freedom to motor into the centre of London. At

present—in despite of the Government's policy which discourages the use of public transport and encourages the use of private transport—less than eight per cent. of daily commuters to the centre of London travel by private car. The problems of congestion that this causes are too well known to be touched upon. Can we then imagine the situation if each one of us decided to motor into the centre? As a 'freedom' it would be little worth having.

So with foreign travel. The opportunity for the masses to 'see the world and perceive its life and art' is quite illusory. Travel for the millions rapidly changes the face of the earth, corrupting the character of both the regions and their inhabitants. As the swarms of holiday makers arrive by air, sea, and land, by coach, train, and private automobile; as hotels and lidos and caravans spread over the land, and local life and industry shrivel, hospitality gives way to resentment and resentment to cupidity and contempt. In ten thousand towns, villages, and 'resorts' populations are seduced into selling their heritage for a mess of tourism.

The issue then is not that of a conflict between aristocratic privilege and democratic freedom, nor that of true connoisseurs versus the philistine hordes. Geographical space is one of the limited resources of this tiny planet, and what a few may enjoy in freedom the multitude must necessarily destroy for each other.

Indeed, since there is certainly more money to be earned in this process of destruction, and politicians' votes to be lost in any attempt to curb it, we must—in this affluent and democratic society we are eagerly realizing—resign ourselves to these and other unforeseen and unhappy consequences.

Yours, etc.,

Birchington-on-Sea

E. J. MISHAN

Sir,—As one of the 3,000 students who visited Olympia last year, I should like to attack Sir Herbert Read's article as strongly as I can. To disarm criticism, he states that no one wishes to preserve art for the exclusive enjoyment of connoisseurs, yet he objects to large crowds. He ignores completely the middle section—lying between the expert and the packaged holiday culture crawler—which has grown up in this country; who wish to see for themselves and make their own judgments. This is an attitude which has been given momentum by the enormous increase in scientific training since



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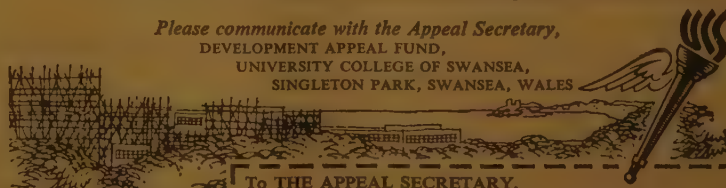
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the war, with its insistence on first-hand inspection of the evidence.

The large crowds which contain a majority of people under thirty, for whom getting to the site at all—whether it be Olympia or the Picasso exhibition—has involved an expenditure of a relatively important amount of time and money—this is an expanding class who refuse to take on trust all they read in books on art appreciation.

The pleasure these people obtain is of two kinds. The planning of a long travelling holiday with the sense of achievement when an ancient and bumpy Land Rover arrives at a place they have always longed to visit gives a deep satisfaction, but only a subsidiary one. The real excitement comes in seeing for themselves and wondering how even the largest photograph or reproduction can ever convey the presence of an original painting or statue. The meditation Sir Herbert Read finds so essential is better done between the first and second visits, on successive days.—Yours, etc.,

Windsor.

J. S. F. POPE

Sir,—May I submit some thoughts on 'Tourism Unlimited' which both complement and extend the excellent article by Sir Herbert Read?

A few years ago a friend and I were 'in transit' after an intensely personal 'first-time' discovery of Switzerland which had surpassed any dreams, wondering why it should have to come to an end. We were waiting in this state of wistful sadness in the stifling anti-climax of a smoky, chaotic, tourist-packed carriage at Basle Station. The blasé views of an obviously prosperous Englishman were being loudly asserted to people far too preoccupied with their own affairs to listen: 'I don't know why anyone goes to the bl—dy Adriatic Coast. I've been there for the last three years; it costs fifty quid; it's always too bl—dy hot and sticky, and the food's lousy. You'd have a better time on the Cornish Riviera!' He was in the middle thirties, brown as a kipper, and probably went again the following year.

Sir Herbert Read mentions 'Nature defiled'. Tourism and allied forms of increased communication have, and are more than ever, effecting more serious consequences on ecological distribution. A specific instance is the beautiful and interesting Lady's Slipper orchid. Once frequent in three northern counties of England, it was already hounded to the brink of extinction there over the last century. This is described in *Wild Orchids of Britain* as being 'mainly due to the rapacity of collectors and others . . .'. Also 'In most of Europe the plant has decreased greatly for the same reason, and in some areas (e.g., parts of Switzerland and Austria) it is protected by legislation'.

Yours etc.,

Petts Wood

JOHN M. WATSON

Sir,—It does seem to me that Sir Herbert Read is being unduly gloomy about future prospects in his article 'Tourism Unlimited'. You deal with several of his complaints in your leading article. Perhaps I might add the following brief observations.

To the majority of people like myself, foreign travel is a novelty. We generally know little about foreign countries apart from what the travel agencies tell us. In most cases, we are ignorant of the languages and customs of the

countries to which we are travelling. The result of this is that we go to the obvious places to see the obvious things under 'the umbrella' of a reputable travel agent who attends to all our needs. By doing this, we help to produce the situation which Sir Herbert Read refers to in his article. However, it does not seem to follow that this will always be the case.

Of those who travel abroad for the first time, there will be plenty who will not want to repeat the experience, probably because of disillusionment from the difficulties Sir Herbert mentions. The remainder who do venture abroad again will usually be the more adventurous kind of people who will begin to want to see things for themselves once the initial strangeness has worn off. They will find, for example, that there are other cities and towns in Italy worth visiting besides the inevitable Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice quartet. Others will venture beyond Paris and the Côte d'Azur when visiting France.

This seems to me to be a situation which will right itself in time for overseas visitors to this country as well as for our people who travel abroad. There was a time when it was thought a luxury for British people to be able to spend a holiday in their own country. Although some years ago it became commonplace for them to do so, this does not mean that there are no places left in Britain where one can spend a secluded and peaceful holiday. As there will always be the gregarious folk who want constant, mass-produced entertainment, so will there be the more discerning who will want to entertain themselves in a place of their own finding. Those who are going abroad are probably playing safe to start with but as time goes by they will be able to find their own way about in foreign countries. They will be glad to leave 'the set pieces' to 'the culture vultures' and those who like to tell a tale on their return home.

Yours, etc.,

Manchester, 13

G. B. EVANS

## Shades of Green

Sir,—Mr. Dixon's twenty years residence in Ireland have not enabled him to acquire the characteristic Irish virtue of courtesy, while leaving him a prey to the national propensity to regard every form of criticism as evidence of patronage or hostility. I may or may not be ignorant of Ireland, but unlike Mr. Dixon I spent much of my childhood there and pay regular visits to the country. Why he should accuse me of 'boasting' of ignorance I cannot imagine. Perhaps he will quote something from my article to justify this allegation or withdraw it.

As for my alleged mis-statements of fact I have this to add. Dubh-Linn may or may not, as he maintains, mean black pool rather than black sea, but his complaints should be addressed to Mme Bourniquel whose book I was reviewing and whose interpretation I followed. 'The Russell' is a restaurant although it is also an hotel: one does not exclude the other. There was no implication that the two restaurants I mentioned were the only good ones in Dublin, merely a personal statement of the two I have found to be the best. The climate in Ireland is damper than in most of England as the following figures illustrate: annual rainfall: London 23.8, Dublin 27.6, Oxford 24.8, Portsmouth 27.7, Cork 41.9, Sligo 43.5. I agree that

the Wicklow Mountains lie to the South of Dublin and express regret for the slip of the typewriter that included an additional 'r' in Aran.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1 NORMAN ST. JOHN STEVAS

## Thinking about China

Sir,—It might be possible for more to agree with Messrs. MacFarquhar and Luard (*THE LISTENER*, January 26) when they say that the great Chinese Leap Forward, especially the communes, was 'a movement away from the Soviet pattern of communism', if they would qualify their statement a little. The establishing of the commune is indeed far from Russian immediate intentions; for, as a leading Soviet economist said, only a short time before the unexpected Chinese moves in 1958, it had been 'precluded in practice for an entirely indefinite period'. Nevertheless, the creation of communes remains as an ultimate objective in Soviet theory, even though early experiences after the revolution have made the once-bitten Russians more than ever shy of attempting the feat in practice. May it not be possible also that the recent failure in food production could be an indication that the unwilling Chinese are, in their own way, re-living the Russian experience?

Yours, etc.,

Barton-on-Humber

ARTHUR MARSDEN

## A Founder of Modern Science

Sir,—In his talk on Sir Francis Bacon (*THE LISTENER*, January 26) Mr. Maurice Cranston states that he was 'the founder of modern science'. There is, I think, a danger in this statement as it may lead to a radical misunderstanding and misapprehension of Bacon's true place in literary and scientific history.

Perhaps the phrase 'prophet of modern science' would be a more preferable and appropriate one, for although Bacon, in propagating a rational philosophy of science, was an intellectual pioneer, his own knowledge of applied science was quite small, and he was very probably ignorant of the discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo, although he would have had a great sympathy and an admiration for their milieu of thought.

But when Mr. Cranston says, 'It is Bacon's enthusiasm not his logic that matters' I feel he is saying something more applicable and more central to and about Bacon than in the above-mentioned phrase. For Bacon's chief value lay in the fact that he was pleading for science in a non-scientific age, at a time when the new science was only regarded as another kind of magic—either black or white—which had produced nothing as such; something completely nugatory. Bacon, then, appears as an ambassador, an advertiser, or a propagandist for science, imbued admittedly with the spirit of hope, but a hope which was only felt by the minority of men in his day.

Finally, of course, Bacon, if he is to be judged at all, is to be judged within a context influenced by several years of the new science which was very embryonic, and only just conceived, in his day. Remembering Bacon's true position with regard to science, it would be as well not to castigate him too severely for the manifest evils of science, to see him as a scientific Mephistopheles—nor ought he to be lauded and praised over abundantly. He was merely pleading for science, endeavouring to place it in its true



position within the sphere and realms of man's knowledge. Any manifest evil or good emanating from scientific investigations ought not to be placed too severely on his shoulders, broad though they may have been.

Yours, etc.,

Bangor

M. G. STYTHER-JONES

## Dry Rot and Redbrick

Sir,—The question that really needs clarifying is: How, otherwise than in teaching, is it legitimate for university teachers to spend their time?

Mr. Bennett (*THE LISTENER*, January 26) will not find much disagreement with his views on futile theses and the need for aspiring academics to 'have publications' (though here we are up against the difficulty of judging anyone's intellectual quality otherwise than by what he writes). But how can people choose Mr. Bennett's alternative and equip themselves as teachers unless they have time to read? One could spend all one's time mulling over one's lectures and thinking how to improve one's teaching, but only in the time not given to actual teaching.

Moreover, it is still, I believe, thought desirable that students should read books. What books, and who is to write them? Sir Geoffrey Crowther in his rousing exhortation to the London School of Economics to pull up its socks asked, 'Where are the text-books?' Well, some of them are produced by teachers who *don't* want to do original research, and others from the reflections of people who have done some. Unless we are to have a third specialist body of text-book writers, they will have to go on being produced by teachers at times when they are not teaching.

An undertaking, or even an intention, to write a book nags at the mind. The work is a longer-term activity than preparing a tutorial or even a course of lectures. Hence those who want to write and believe they can write something useful, as unfortunately many academics do, cannot help worrying about the time they can have for this. This does not mean that they regard teaching as a tiresome chore, even if they are aware, as I am sure Mr. Bennett is, that it can be very exhausting. It means that they must be constantly preoccupied with the distribution of their time between two activities both of which weigh on the conscience of the conscientious teacher.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.5

LUCY MAIR

## Why Do Trains Sway?

Sir,—Professor Bishop's talk 'Why Do Trains Sway?' (*THE LISTENER*, January 26) was a very interesting introduction to the subject, to which I should like to add a few personal observations. Very roughly, there would appear to be three phenomena: first, rail corrugations—'roaring rails'; secondly, impact forces caused by power bogies, and, thirdly, 'natural' sway as described in the talk; all three can be found in varying combinations. The first was often encountered on former street tramway systems, and generally would appear to be produced by wheels driven through gearing. Most modern Continental systems seem to have eradicated the basic causes, but in the past the only solution was the rail grinder, and most large systems had a rail-

grinding tram in their stock. The modern forms of motive power possess the mechanical characteristics favourable to the development of these corrugations, so much so that several well-known railway systems are the proud possessors of a rail-grinding train.

But the problems encountered by British Railways seem to fall under the second heading, namely, high impact stresses set up by the so-called nose-suspended motors. These have the double effect of giving a rough ride in the power car, and of distorting the rails: so much so that track and foundation strengthening on a large scale is now an accepted preliminary expense of modernization. Here it is necessary to distinguish between locomotives and multiple-unit trains, since on the former the problem can be largely overcome by the quill drive, or its modern counterpart, the Alsthom system. This latter device is fitted to modern types such as are in use between Crewe and Manchester; but an interesting point is that the quill drive was fitted to Sir Vincent Raven's electric locomotive of 1922. The fitting of these devices within the confined space available in multiple-unit trains appears to be a problem which has not yet been overcome, and may well be our railways' biggest problem. It is a matter for argument whether prolonged excitation by the second category will eventually set up the third, which I have chosen to call 'natural' sway, and was amply covered in the talk.

But no discussion on this subject would be complete without mentioning that the railways have at their disposal a system which is effectively free from any of these ailments. It can easily be demonstrated that the conventional steam locomotive is almost entirely free from the troubles associated with the large unsprung masses of the modern units; and strain-gauge experiments have revealed that the rail stresses caused by the latter are twice those caused by the former even with their heavier axle load, speeds being equal. Over the years the railway engineers had evolved an equilibrium of design and maintenance between locomotive, train and track, so that a perfectly smooth ride was given at the highest speeds. It was a phenomenon well known to observers that such vibrations and sway as were set up appeared to die out as speed increased through the eighties, the only evidence of high speed being one's stop-watch readings. Amongst my copious notes those taken at 100 miles per hour are perfectly legible, and it is regrettable that rough riding should be a by-product of modernization.—Yours, etc.,

Purley

A. W. T. DANIEL

## Some Poems of E. H. W. Meyerstein

Sir,—With reference to Mr. P. N. Furbank's review (*THE LISTENER*, January 26) of *Some Poems* by the late E. H. W. Meyerstein—selected by Maurice Wollman and published by Neville Spearman—I would like to make brief comment. My husband and I were fortunate in our friendship with Mr. Meyerstein and for some ten years he was a fairly frequent visitor to our house.

Mr. Furbank prefaces his review by saying that 'E. H. W. Meyerstein sounds appalling, but in a way rewarding, . . . a full-scale grotesque, with no compunction about acting out his manias'. He then states in parentheses that he never went to dinner with friends without taking a bag, hoping for the gift of an orange

or a piece of cake—I have no recollection of this bag; rather do I remember E. H. W. arriving with gifts of little things like olives and such-like, and especially of his great appreciation of anything we had provided for this most welcome guest.

His time with us was always too short, his conversation and understanding were of a rare order, and we were invariably enriched by his deep erudition; moreover we enjoyed the hour set aside for the reading of his own verse at the end of the day.

I wonder if Mr. Furbank, who can never have met E. H. W. Meyerstein, is acquainted with some of his earlier work which shows him to be a by no means inconsiderable poet. This is, however, increasingly hard to discover.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.11

RACHEL COOKSON

## 'Woman's Hour'

Sir,—Miss Joanna Richardson, in *THE LISTENER* of February 2, commenting on her reaction to 'Woman's Hour', copies a recent male critic when she says: 'Let's be nice to mother, she's had a tiring day'. Like him, she seems to have listened to only one programme. One has to listen regularly to get the full flavour.

How can the programme be put together differently? The introduction of speakers is quick and formal. The interesting people who contribute give amazing details of their lives. Last week a nun told how she had walked across Asia. Two women contributors to 'Woman's Hour' have recently died, and I feel I have lost two friends.

The programme is a woman's club for young and old, gay and sad. We do get dull days, of course. We have contributors from as far afield as New Zealand, Canada, France. The letters from listeners are a surprising item; the serials are a delight. We discuss sex, religion, medicine, teenagers, food, men. Where in the world would one get such a packed hour a day for ten years running?—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 16

LILIAN LEVER

## Gilbert Harding

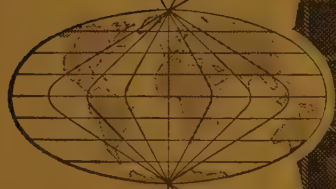
Sir,—A group of Gilbert Harding's friends are hoping to publish a tribute to him, in the form of a book of reminiscences and stories covering as many aspects of his life and character as possible. The publisher and writers are giving their services free in order that the proceeds from the sale of this book may be given to one of Gilbert Harding's favourite charities.

The editor cannot hope to contact all Gilbert Harding's many friends, and so asks that any who wish to contribute to this book, particularly those who knew him as a schoolmaster and a policeman, will send their material for consideration to the Harding Memorial, c/o André Deutsch Ltd., 12-14 Carlisle Street, London, W.1, before February 28. Owing to the enormous amount of work involved, the committee regrets that it will be impossible to acknowledge any contributions which are not included in the book.

Yours, etc.,

KENNETH ADAM, EAMONN ANDREWS, JOHN BETJEMAN, FANNY and JOHNNIE CRADOCK, STEPHEN GRENFELL, ROBERT HENRIQUES, WYNFORD VAUGHAN THOMAS



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# The Last Galway Hooker

By RICHARD MURPHY

(The 'Ave Maria', launched in 1922, was the last hooker to be built in Galway)

Where the Corrib river chops through the Claddagh  
To sink in the tide-race its rattling chain  
The boatwright's hammer chipped across the water

Ribbing this hooker, while a reckless gun  
Shook the limestone quay-wall, after the Treaty  
Had brought civil war to this fisherman's town.

That 'tasty' carpenter from Connemara, Cloherty,  
Helped by his daughter, had half-planked the hull  
In his eightieth year, when at work he died,

And she did the fastening, and caulked her well,  
The last boat completed with old Galway lines.  
Several seasons at the drift-nets she paid

In those boom-years, working by night in channels  
With trammel and spillet and an island crew,  
Tea-stew on turf in the pipe-black forecastle,

Songs of disasters wailed on the quay  
When the tilt of the water heaves the whole shore.  
'She was lucky always the *Ave Maria*'

With her brown barked sails, and her hull black tar,  
Her forest of oak ribs and the larchwood planks,  
The cavern-smelling hold bulked with costly gear,

Fastest in the race to the gull-marked banks,  
What harbour she hived in, there she was queen  
And her crew could afford to stand strangers drinks,

Till the buyers failed in nineteen twenty-nine,  
When the cheapest of fish could find no market,  
Were dumped overboard, the price down to nothing,

When to her leisure a sleek priest walked  
By the hungry dockside, full of her name,  
Who made a cash offer, and the owners took it.

Then like a girl given money and a home  
With no work but pleasure for her man to perform  
She changed into white sails, her hold made room

For hammocks and kettles and the priestly perfume  
Of chaste, soaped hands. So now she's a yacht  
With pitch-pine spars and Italian hemp ropes,

Smooth-running ash-blocks expensively bought  
From chandlers in Dublin, two men get jobs  
Anti-fouling her bottom, linseeding her throat,

While at weekends, nephews and nieces in mobs  
Go sailing on picnics to the hermit islands,  
Come home flushed with health having hooked a few dabs.

\* \* \*  
Munich, submarines, and the war's demands  
Of workers to feed invaded that party  
Like fumes of the diesel the dope of her sails,

When the Canon went east into fat sheep-lands  
From the stone and reed patches of lobstermen  
Having sold her to one on Cleggan Quay,

Who was best of the boatmen from Inishbofin,  
She his best buy. He shortened the mast, installed  
A new 'Ailsa Craig', made a hold of her cabin,

Poured over the deck thick tar slightly boiled;  
Every fortnight he drained the sump in the bilge  
'To preserve the timbers'. All she could do, fulfilled.

The sea, good to gamblers, let him indulge

His fear when she rose winding her green shawl  
And his pride when she lay calm under his pillage:

And he never married, was this hooker's lover,  
Always ill-at-ease in houses or on hills,  
Waiting for weather, or mending broken trawls:

Bothered by women no more than by the moon,  
Not concerned with money beyond the bare need,  
In this boat's bows he sheathed his life's harpoon.

A neap-tide of work, then a spring of liquor  
Were the tides that alternately pulled his soul,  
Now on a pitching deck with nets to hand-haul,

Then passing Sunday propped against a barrel  
Winding among words like a sly helmsman  
Till stories gather around him in a shoal.

She was Latin blessed, holy water shaken  
From a small whiskey bottle by a surpliced priest,  
Madonnas wafered on every bulkhead,

Oil-grimed by the diesel, and her luck lasted  
Those twenty-one years of skill buoyed by prayers,  
Strength forged by dread from his drowned ancestors.

She made him money, and again he lost it  
In the fisherman's fiction of turning farmer:  
The cost of timber and engine spares increased,

Till a phantom hurt him, ribs on a shore,  
A hull each tide rattles that will never fish,  
Sunk back in the sand, a story finished.

\* \* \*

We met here last summer, nineteen fifty-nine,  
Far from the missiles, the moon-shots, the money,  
And we drank looking out on the island quay,

When his crew were in London drilling a motorway.  
Old age had smoothed his barnacled will  
And with wild songs he sold me the *Ave Maria*.

Then he was alone, stunned like a widower—  
Relics and rowlocks pronging from the wall,  
A pot of boiling garments, winter everywhere,

Especially in his bones, watching things fall,  
Hooks of three-mile spilletts, trammels at the foot  
Of the unused double-bed—his mind threaded with all

The marline of his days twined within that boat,  
His muscles' own shackles then staying the storm  
Which now snap to bits like frayed thread.

So I chose to renew her, to rebuild, to prolong  
For a while the spliced yards of yesterday.  
Carpenters were enrolled, the ballast and the dung

Of cattle he'd carried lifted from the hold,  
The engine removed, and the stale bilge scoured.  
De Valera's daughter hoisted the Irish flag

At her freshly adzed mast this Shrove Tuesday,  
Stepped while afloat between the tackle of the *Topas*  
And the *St. John*, by Bofin's best boatmen,

All old as himself. Her ghostly sailmaker,  
Her inherited boatwright, her dream-tacking steersman  
Picked up the tools of their interrupted work,

And in memory's hands this hooker was restored.  
Old men my instructors, and with all new gear  
May I handle her well down tomorrow's sea-road.

—Third Programme



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

The French Radical Party from Herriot to Mendès-France. By Francis de Tarr. Foreword by Pierre Mendès-France. Oxford. 35s.

Reviewed by DAVID THOMSON

DURING THE TWELVE YEARS of the Fourth French Republic there were, apart from Léon Blum's initial 'caretaker cabinet', twenty-one governments. Members of the Radical Party took part in them all, and headed ten. The Radical Prime Ministers included the oldest (Henri Queuille) and the youngest (Edgar Faure), the most timid (André Marie) and the most energetic (Pierre Mendès-France). Queuille, a minister a score of times under the pre-war Third Republic, now won fame as the most *ministre* of French politicians, for he kept in office continuously through a dozen governments between July 1948 and June 1954, and for the frequency and longevity of his premier-ships (three times, his first lasting thirteen months). This country doctor from south-western France symbolized the continuity between the post-war and pre-war parliamentary systems, and embodied the qualities that were so manifest in both: moderate and persistent, conciliatory and compromising, sensible and unexciting. It was he, in March 1951, who put this attitude in a nutshell: 'When one is premier, one must not carry out party doctrine . . . France must have a government'.

That a party leader, addressing the officials of party federations, should proclaim that whilst Prime Minister he is 'on leave from the party', because as leader of a coalition he must be free to follow the policies of the majority of his cabinet, may startle those familiar only with English parliamentary habits. But this attitude was required by the working of the multi-party parliamentary system in France, and if the Radicals practised these precepts more skilfully and successfully than any other party it was, perhaps, because their party organization, traditions, beliefs and leaders accepted fully the logic of the system.

Mr. de Tarr has written the first full account in English, and the most systematic account so far in any language, of the post-war Radical Party in France. After general descriptions of the traditional ideas and habits (dating from 1901) and of the personal role of M. Herriot in symbolizing the links between pre-war and post-war Radicalism, he distinguishes between the main groups of Radicals which emerged, usually transiently, during the Fourth Republic. The *Radicaux classiques*, rooted in the localities and in the France of the small firms and farms, disciples of 'Alain', devoted to congresses, banquets, and rhetorical appeals to the revolutionary ideals and the Rights of Man, go on. Mr. de Tarr sees them as 'a declining but still tenacious element'. The *Radicaux de Gestion* go on too—the professional parliamentary politicians on the pattern of Queuille or Faure, realistic pursuers of power, adept in electoral, party and parliamentary techniques. The Radicals have always been more richly endowed with these than their more ideological com-

petitors. But there were also such splinter-groups as the Leftist Radicals of 1945, anxious to work with the major parties of the left; the *Néo-Radicaux* such as Léon Martinaud-Deplat and Georges Laffargue, who reacted against post-war *dirigisme* in favour of economic liberalism and denounced Communism above all; the Gaullist Radicals, men like Paul Giacobbi and Maurice Bourges-Maunoury, who flirted with the Gaullist *Rassemblement* in its halcyon days; and latterly the followers of Mendès-France, leaning again to the left and opposing Gaullism.

Mr. de Tarr traces the nuances and intricacies of these cross-currents clearly and critically, yet with sympathy and understanding. He shows how old war-cries, especially anticlericalism, fade away without dying; how new issues are absorbed into the party more by regrouping groups than by formal changes of doctrine or tactic; how, indeed, doctrine and tactic have come to seem inseparable to a party whose overriding purpose is to attain office. Members come and go for such reasons, but always in a marginal manner, until as one woman delegate at a meeting of the party's executive committee commented, in 1957, 'Some are departing, others want to return; it's no longer a party, but a railway station'. The station, however, remains when all the passengers and travellers have come and gone. It remains because it is needed to work a parliamentary system in France, and if it did not exist it would have to be invented. Mr. de Tarr's scholarly study of its architecture and activities is of value and interest not only for students of the Fourth Republic but to all students of political parties in modern democracies.

## The Path to Leadership

By Field-Marshal Montgomery. Collins. 21s.

Of what does the art of leadership consist? Is it a mystery? Or can it be taught? No one is better qualified than Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery, a successful leader in war, to comment on these questions. He is of the opinion that leadership can be developed by training and that, generally speaking, leaders are made and not born. Lord Montgomery notes that leaders require to concentrate, to be sincere, and to reach decisions, and throughout his book he lists other attributes that he finds in them. But first he examines the careers of a number of famous leaders, from Jenghis Khan to General de Gaulle, and gives them each his marks. As a military chief, for example, he puts Oliver Cromwell 'in the top grade'. De Gaulle, he thinks is a genius. Sir Winston Churchill and Lord Alanbrooke get pretty decent marks too. But when he comes to discourse more widely on the necessary qualities, Lord Montgomery's generalizations do not always seem to apply. For instance, he says that a leader 'must discipline himself and lead a carefully regulated and ordered life'. Did Napoleon? Or 'abstemiousness is vital'. Has Sir Winston always been abstemious? Then Lord Montgomery includes among his qualifications 'the ability to dominate'. But surely that is tautologous, May

it not be argued that an overpowering ambition for good, or for evil, is the outstanding characteristic of all leaders? The Earl of Chatham said 'I know that I can save my country and that no one else can'. Other leaders even believed passionately that they could save the world. It was said of Abraham Lincoln that he was moved forward by a little machine, which was his own devouring ambition. What was it that drove Lord Montgomery forward to his own triumphs and perhaps drives him still? Men must believe in themselves or no one else will believe in them. The book concludes with a singularly moving epilogue, which will remind most readers that ambition is not everything.

MAURICE ASHLEY

The Plays of T. S. Eliot. By D. E. Jones. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 28s.

This is a scholarly work in that Mr. Jones always keeps his eye on the object, Mr. Eliot's contribution to poetic drama. Apart from a few shaky generalizations regarding blank verse and the history of the drama, which come early in the book, we are always at grips with what Mr. Eliot has to say, and how he says it dramatically. Each play, from *Sweeney Agonistes* to *The Elder Statesman* receives separate discussion; but Mr. Jones weaves the pieces together by following Mr. Eliot's progress as a dramatist, how he treats with more telling effect the main themes running through the plays, and how he adapts his verse. Further light is provided by quotations from various utterances on poetic drama by Mr. Eliot himself, and now and again links are made with passages in the poems, especially *Four Quartets*.

It would be easy to become lost and embroiled among the various threads; but Mr. Jones never loses sight of what he is doing, is never pedantic, nor academic in the pejorative sense. He pays full tribute to other commentators, and he writes pleasantly, ignoring present-day critical jargon. All the time, even when the relation of Mr. Eliot's plays to Greek drama is touched upon, we are asked to consider the play in front of us, how the theme is approached, how it is developed and resolved. It is a beautifully clarifying work.

The themes that Mr. Jones pursues are complex and interlinked, as are the plays. There is the idea of a Christian community; 'the way in which the self-sacrifice of the spiritually elect fertilizes the life of ordinary people'; 'the need to lay one's ghosts and to build the future upon the real past'; the problem of communication between people who are themselves always changing; 'the danger of hiding the real self and letting it atrophy under a social mask'; the need to know about others that you may know yourself better. All this is extremely well set out, and Mr. Jones seldom strays into fantasy—he mercifully lays little stress upon symbolism—but the reader will wonder whether sometimes he does not trace congruities of meaning of which Mr. Eliot was innocent. Did he really choose the name Barnabas for B. Kaghán because the name means 'the son of consol-



tion'? Mr. Eliot may have his private references, but he knows what an audience is, and he writes his plays for the theatre.

The question remains, how much are Mr. Eliot's characters men and women in their own right, or how far are they 'objective correlatives' of an idea? Some major characters certainly exist as people: Lady Monchensey, for example, Lucasta in *The Confidential Clerk*, most of the people in *The Elder Statesman*. We have met the majority of these in some form or another, except, perhaps, Lord Claverton, who seems something of a conduit-pipe for an idea, though he becomes convincing. This question Mr. Jones does not altogether resolve; but then the answer for each of us may lie in his own experience of himself, on how far he dare look within.

BONAMY DOBRÉE

### Ten Rillington Place. By Ludovic Kennedy. Gollancz. 21s.

At the beginning of 1950 Timothy John Evans was sentenced to death and hanged for the murder of his baby, Geraldine. His wife and child had been strangled, and their bodies were found in the wash-house at 10 Rillington Place where the Evanses had lived on the top floor, the ground floor being occupied by John Reginald Halliday Christie. The principal evidence against Evans at his trial consisted of confessions made to the police at Notting Hill in which he admitted that he had strangled his wife and child. His case was that these confessions were false, having been made when he was afraid of being beaten up and dumbfounded by the information that his baby was dead. He gave evidence in accordance with an earlier statement to the police which asserted that Christie had killed Mrs. Evans while performing an abortion on her and had thereafter arranged to have Geraldine cared for by friends. Christie was called as a witness for the prosecution and denied these allegations. He had a criminal record relating mainly to offences involving dishonesty, but it belonged to the remote past and he appeared before the court as someone who had led a highly respectable life for the last seventeen years. The case against Evans therefore seemed to be an overwhelming one.

In the middle of 1953, Christie was sentenced to death and hanged for the murder of his wife by strangulation at the end of 1952. He pleaded insanity at his trial and confessed to having strangled six other women including Mrs. Evans and two women whose skeletons were in the garden at 10 Rillington Place when Evans was being tried. The Home Secretary (Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, now Lord Kilmuir the Lord Chancellor) appointed Mr. Scott Henderson Q.C. to inquire into the Evans case. Mr. Scott Henderson reported that, although the trial would have taken a very different course had the true character of Christie been known, he was satisfied that Evans was responsible for the murders of Mrs. Evans and Geraldine.

In spite of the confident terms of this report, many people have taken the view that Evans was innocent, and Mr. Kennedy's book is the latest endeavour to establish it. Although the book is too repetitious and macabre to possess 'the straightforward excitement of a breathless thriller' claimed for it on the dust-cover, the case for Evans's innocence is presented with consummate skill. There is an account of the

early lives of Christie and Evans, and much stress is placed on certain matters, such as the possibility of sexual interference with Mrs. Evans at the time of her death, which might have been investigated on the accused's behalf had anything been known of the kind of conduct later to be admitted by Christie.

Three views may be taken concerning Evans's guilt. There are those who, believing British justice to be of a God-like infallibility, are convinced that Mr. Scott Henderson was right. There are those, like Mr. Kennedy, who are passionately convinced of Evans's innocence, and there are doubters like myself. It seems to me that the concession that Evans's trial would have taken a very different course had Christie's real character been known ought to be enough to prevent anyone from making a confident assertion of Evans's guilt. On the other hand, it also seems to me that Mr. Kennedy, like others who are convinced of Evans's innocence, attach too little weight to the Notting Hill confessions and too much weight to Evans's reasons for making them. Not only am I one of the doubters, but I am also sceptical about the utility of the further inquiry canvassed by Mr. Kennedy, although I fully appreciate the humanity of Mr. Kennedy's motives in pressing for another investigation, namely, that Evans's remains may be given a decent Catholic burial. Indeed there may be something to be said for a reconsideration of the question of the disposal of the remains of executed murderers in spite of the comparatively recent recommendation of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment that (apart from the use of cremation) no change should be made in the present practice.

Mr. Kennedy's book is not primarily an attack on capital punishment, but it does show that there is some force in the argument for abolition based on the fact that it is by no means impossible that, extremely occasionally, an innocent man is hanged. Opinions concerning the weight to be attached to this argument may well vary, but it is difficult to believe that there could be a reader of *Ten Rillington Place* who would say, as Lord Kilmuir said before the Evans case, that anyone who thinks there is a practical possibility of a miscarriage of justice in a murder case in this country is moving in a realm of fantasy.

RUPERT CROSS

### The Mind of Mr. Nehru. By R. K. Karanjia. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

Even to be sure of his memoirs there can be few English readers who really desire Mr. Nehru's retirement, and none (one hopes) who would settle for the alternative of a ninth period of imprisonment. So it is fortunate that extempore talk, despite its pitfalls, has always been his addiction—and of late years, in parliament, press-conference and occasional interview, one might fairly say his strength. Mr. Karanjia's book is the record of a recent series of interviews, not the first of its kind to be published here, but the first in which the questions come from a politically minded Indian, in this case well over to the left.

As the editor of a popular Bombay newspaper Mr. Karanjia has specialized in the summit-interview, laced with leading questions. If he had reprinted, in what is a slim volume as it stands, one or other of his previous scoops—say with Khrushchev or Nasser—no reader

could have missed the flight of the ball, not the stylishness with which Nehru can play it. Even without that means of comparison it is apparent that when the Indian Prime Minister is not being patronized for some aspect of policy which commends itself to his interviewer, he is usually being needled. It was not nice to imply that it took the atom-bomb to make Nehru a Gandhian, or to sneer at the replacement of 'the Jawaharlal of yesterday' by an emasculated philosopher 'in search of God in the evening of his life'. But a cool 'Yes, I have changed' introduces a thoughtful rejoinder leading a length to the necessity of 'a new approach, a modern approach, a moral or ethical approach'. Yes, he has changed—there was a time when he would have flared up at this and some other questions, at all events in the form in which they appear in print.

Thus presented in the unprepared outcome of prepared questioning, the 'mind of Mr. Nehru' plays reflectively over Marxist approaches, defends without embarrassment *Panch Shila* and the Commonwealth link, is satisfied with industrial but not with agricultural progress in India, and sees threats to democracy where he is invited to see them, from the right. He floors his questioner by tracing elements of his foreign policy back to the Gupta Era, blandly refutes a charge of sentimentality with 'I take it you mean humanity', and by applying himself to broad principles blocks the inevitable final question: 'After Nehru, what?' It may be that much, if not all, of what he says here he has said elsewhere, and that much that is essential remains unexpressed. But as a shock walk round the Indian Prime Minister the book is interesting—even in its limitations, since they keep him turned to face the kind of domestic criticism which gets comparatively little attention in this country.

FRANCIS WATSON

### Passenger to London. By Gerard Fay. Hutchinson. 25s.

Gerard Fay, the son of Frank Fay—one of the founders of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin—has given us a delightful if somewhat oddly designed rag-bag of a book. Put in your hand and you may well bring out a chapter on the Yukon Trail, an assessment of the future of Canada or the joys and pains of wintering in London, an account of horse-racing in Moscow, a survey of the strange career of Eamon de Valera or an impression of how it feels to be a 'con man's' secretary.

'Like many theatrical children', Mr. Fay tells us, 'I spent almost every Sunday in a train when I was a boy, criss-crossing Great Britain from one number-one town to another'. Belfast, Dublin and Cork represented Ireland, Glasgow and Edinburgh Scotland—and so on. Hence Mr. Fay's obvious passion for travel. The best parts of the book are those that take us behind the scenes of dowdy and average rather than smart and successful life. He briskly anatomizes London's taxi-drivers, that somewhat unlovable race of men, but who wants to read Mr. Fay's too reverent impressions—hawk-eyed and sceptical London editor of *The Guardian*—though he may be—of Lord Beaverbrook in his 'eyrie' overlooking Green Park or his 'mansion' beside the St. John River in Fredericton? Others can do it better and,



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## Substitute for polygamy

ONE OF THE odd things about high fashion—and goodness knows it has plenty—is that attitudes to it do not cleave along lines of sex. Almost as many women as men think it impossible; there are as many wives to say, "I wouldn't be seen dead," as husbands to cry, "What, that thing."



With the designing, and the description, of haute couture, it is quite another matter—though just as odd. Its great designers are men (have they always been, I wonder? Saul clothed the daughters of Israel "in scarlet and other delights".) To write about it evidently calls for a woman.

### Fresh and luminous

This seems to me an astonishing ability, and no one that I know does it better than Katharine Whitehorn the new Fashion Editor of The Observer. It is not merely that she can find words for what, to me, is expressed in vague groping gestures of the hands ("It goes like this, and then out, here"). They are fresh and luminous words, so that I know not only what the clothes look like, but why they look like that. Her writing has a distinctive flavour. "Fashion is the West's alternative to polygamy: instead of different women, men get the same woman looking different." Or again: "Clothes that keep the same line year after year get to be unbearably dull. And then, to liven them up, you get all sorts of bits and pieces, pompons and capes and wacky little seamings."

This sort of thing can be enjoyed and understood by anybody, whether they can wear the clothes or not. Miss Whitehorn makes one feel one would like to meet her.

But do not imagine that her colleagues on the women's pages of The Observer are in any danger of being outshone. Patience Gray on shopping; Eirlys Roberts of "Which", a most welcome guest; Syllabus on cooking; the wide-ranging Bridget Colgan . . . though, mind, that wasn't what I meant by a substitute for polygamy.

J.B.L.







esides, it is dull stuff compared with Mr. Fay's teen-age experiences with 'Civility', a Dublin firm of bookmakers.

At 'Civility' he learnt precision, how to add up and count like a bank cashier, to detect attempted fraud (usually tried on by women) and realize at the tender age of seventeen 'what depths human beings can sink to, driven by the need for picking up a few shillings fraudulently'. Useful lessons, no doubt, for a man who was later to make a reputation in the newspaper world.

Five grinding years spent on the fringes of the engineering trade in Lancashire helped to complete Mr. Fay's education before his first essay into journalism, a career interrupted by war-time soldiering. He entered journalism, incidentally, by winning a *Daily Express* prize for a Lancashire joke. Six guineas was a fair collop of money in 1932, so Mr. Fay decided there was cash in them thar words, as well as a lot of fun.

ROBERT GREACEN

*The Bargainers.* By George Cyniax and Robert Oakeshott. Faber. 21s.

This book on modern trade unionism is as well informed on the scene of today as we should expect from the author's experience on *The Financial Times* and *The Economist* respectively. It is a little less good historically; there are one or two errors there, but history occupies a very small part of it.) It is brightly written, and highlights some of the main problems of the 'image' presented by trade unionism today. Are trade unions now, as suggested on one page, part of the Establishment—in which case, as the authors point out, they are a very low-paid part? The low rate of subscription which members are willing to pay actually results in the unions being not rich, as some think, but poorer in real terms than they were a generation ago, and hence unable to pay their officials on a standard competitive with that of other members of the Establishment, which is not without bearing on their efficiency. Or are they still dominated by out-of-date concepts of 'class solidarity', 'a fair day's work for a fair day's pay', and the like? The authors discuss this point at some length, though they finally leave it undecided.

On the question of strikes they are sensible and not emotional; they point out that while some strikes may be 'collective outbursts against frustration' and others due to bad organization and antiquated procedure, there is always likely to be some point at which bargaining can do no more and a trial of strength is inevitable, and they emphasize the fact that any compulsory delaying procedure is really a factor making against the workers. (They are, on the whole, kinder to trade unions than to employers' associations; they have several waspish comments on the inefficiency and ineptness of the latter, as also on the 'eulogistic commissioned histories' put out by some self-satisfied firms.)

There are interesting chapters on the growth of 'white-collar' unionism, and how its traditions and procedure differ from those of the manual workers, partly since so much of the organized salariat is in Government employment and subject to arbitration—though it is surely rather an exaggeration to call the white-collars the 'cutting edge' of modern unionism—and

on 'fringe benefits', to which they think unions should pay much more attention than they do. Here they suggest that whereas to the British trade unionist—in contrast with his German brother—'shorter hours' has until now meant more money and not more leisure, the coming of the motor car to the ordinary working-class family may alter the picture, creating a demand for holiday travel on a much wider scale.

It is possible to question their judgments on one or two points. Ernest Bevin's 'iron hand' over the transport workers, in so far as it existed at all, was a triumph of an iron personality, of quite a different order from the centralization built in to the constitution of the Iron and Steel Trades Association with which they compare it; and the system of consultation at the Vauxhall motor works seems not to be proving quite so ideal as they thought it. (It is a little odd that they do not mention Glacier Metal.) But the book is well worth reading and pondering upon by anyone who wants to understand what the British trade union movement of today is like, why it is like that, and how well it is equipped to solve the problems before it. Apart from a curious suggestion that a reasonable number of unemployed, being necessary to loosen the economy, should be paid for this negative service at a high rate, they do not, by and large, give answers to the questions they raise. But they pose them, at least, intelligently.

MARGARET COLE

*Nijinsky.* By Françoise Reiss. Translated by Helen and Stephen Haskell. A. and C. Black Ltd. 30s.

My first thought on opening this book was 'Oh no, not another book about Nijinsky!' For where is the point? He was a dancer, so it is impossible for posterity to check on his greatness in the way it can check on that of Caruso or Chaliapin. (Unless, of course, films of his dancing exist; I simply don't know, although I can think of nothing that would excite me more than a film of Nijinsky dancing.) There are already so many books, either devoted to Nijinsky, or to the Diaghileff ballet.

And yet within about ten minutes, the strange glamour of that period had taken possession of me. There is a fever of excitement about the early years of the Diaghileff ballet that always communicates itself to the reader in any account of it. There is something about St. Petersburg in 1905—dissatisfied workers, extravagant millionaires, love-sick princesses, sinister homosexuals, the terrifying and great figure of Rasputin, a stubborn and weak Tsar with a beautiful wife. . . . I thought I had outgrown its fascination, but this book showed me how wrong I was.

What of the book itself? It is very short—only 200 pages—and there is not a great deal in it that you could not find in Romola Nijinsky's life of her husband or Anatole Bourmann's readable though untrustworthy volume. And yet it is an admirable summary of Nijinsky's life, perhaps the best so far. Although Madame Nijinsky's biography is exhaustive, there is no getting away from the 'female novelist' colouring of the facts; there is the feeling (that so few women writers can escape) of everything being seen through a mist of slightly fruity emotions. Madame Reiss's book has no such fault; in fact, at the first glance, I failed to notice the 'e' on the end of Françoise, and read the book

under the assumption that it was written by a man; no failure of detachment gave it away.

But what I liked most about the book was her realization of the kind of man Nijinsky was, a realization that Madame Nijinsky only has in flashes. Let there be no doubt about this: Nijinsky was the greatest man who was ever associated with the Diaghileff ballet. And his greatness was not merely that of a dancer. As a man, he had a touch of the god and more than a touch of the saint. All his life he faced the question: 'Is life worth living?' with complete nakedness. There was never a man less blinded by the trivialities of everyday life to the question of man's dubious and paradoxical position in the universe. What is more, he grasped it with an insight that goes far beyond such fashionable literary metaphysicians as Sartre and Graham Greene. For like his contemporary Rasputin, he knew that man is more of a god than men ever realize. Yet the sight of so much human suffering (and Nijinsky's life was full of it) led him to ask always: Is life finally tragic?

In writing elsewhere about Nijinsky, I have been perhaps unduly harsh about Diaghileff. This, I'm afraid, is often so. Those who worship Diaghileff sneer at Nijinsky, and vice versa. (Grigoriev's excellent Penguin on the Diaghileff ballet is an example). The truth is that Diaghileff was a great and disinterested man; but he was also a jealous homosexual. Madame Reiss achieves the remarkable feat of being completely fair to Diaghileff, while never ceasing to be entirely on Nijinsky's side.

Madame Reiss is one of the few writers on Nijinsky who recognize the importance of the *Diary*. "... it is the confession of a near-saint, a desperate message from a holy man, resembling William Blake. . . . The tone is heartbreaking, at moments almost unbearable in its spiritual intensity". This is true, and could not be better said.

It is a pity Madame Reiss did not spend more time on writing about the nature of Nijinsky's illness. He withdrew completely from the world, becoming as irresponsible as a child. Sartre is one of the few modern writers who have felt the tremendous symbolic challenge that lies in the insanity of great minds, and has touched the problem many times in writing of Baudelaire and Genet. Madame Reiss is no psychologist; she devotes only half a dozen pages to Nijinsky's life after his breakdown.

This book is somehow a very important one, in a sense I cannot define. I am no lover of ballet, and I would walk ten miles to avoid seeing one on the stage. And yet between the covers of this book lies hidden a drama that some superhuman combination of Nietzsche, Dostoevsky and Strindberg could turn into the greatest novel of our age. It keeps jumping out at me tantalizingly as I turn over the pages or stare at its excellent photographs.

COLIN WILSON

*The Sculpture of Classical Greece* (Oldbourne, 42s.) is the second volume in a series of comparatively inexpensive picture-books, 'The Acanthus History of Sculpture'. It confines itself to the Elgin marbles, commented on by Professor Nikolas Yalouris and photographed by Mr. F. L. Kenett. The photographs are remarkable for their clarity of detail, and the absence of unnecessary trickery in the way of sensational lighting or angle. Against the argument that the Parthenon marbles were meant to be seen from far below, it can be urged that here (ignoring the havoc of Time) we see these splendid and eloquent pieces as the sculptor made them. No better introduction to them can be imagined.

H. R.



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

## DOCUMENTARY

### All Questions Answered

HOW FAR, IF AT ALL, anyone in Britain is entitled to poke his nose into the cauldron of another country's race problems is a question to which I have not yet heard an entirely satisfactory answer. So, in commenting on 'Sit-In' (January 31), a telefilm from America about the white-Negro conflict in Nashville, Tennessee, I propose to play it safe and express no view on the bigoted, cruel, stupid, and in the long run ineffectual attitude of many, though not all, of the whites there, but to concentrate on the technical excellence of the production.

'Sit-In' was the second in the N.B.C. News 'White Paper' series (the first was 'The U-2 Affair' which we saw five weeks ago). In the preliminary announcements of the programme the B.B.C. claimed that it made use of a new technique of television production, but I could not discern in it anything basic that 'Panorama' or 'Tonight' has not been doing for years. However, there was a professionalism, a tautness about it that is rarely achieved by B.B.C. producers.

Partly, this was because the subject-matter, hung about with every emotion humans are prone to, generated its own tenseness. (So, equally, did the Notting Hill race troubles, but the B.B.C.'s coverage of them was not nearly so effective.) Another, and important, part of the answer can be found, I believe, in the editing. The shots of street brawling and the rough handling of Negro students at the lunch counters where they were making their protest against segregation, and the interviews with those chiefly involved, whites and Negroes, were cut in on each other with great skill and, nub of the matter, frequently.

This is where B.B.C. producers and editors seem to fail fairly often. They let a shot go on for too long. Probably in an effort to be absolutely fair, they will show for several minutes an interviewer working up to the one question that is relevant, and the person interviewed is allowed equal time to answer it. Inevitably, the programme takes on a leisurely, discursive air, lacking punch.

A third reason for the success of 'Sit-In' was the frankness and clarity with which all those interviewed, except the moronic white youth who apparently began most of the brawling, gave their version of what happened. In this country the sight of a microphone too often induces a condition of tongue-tied evasiveness.

At the end you felt that you knew pretty exactly how the sit-in movement started, developed, and died down. No questions nagged for an answer. It was a fine example of a job well and completely done.

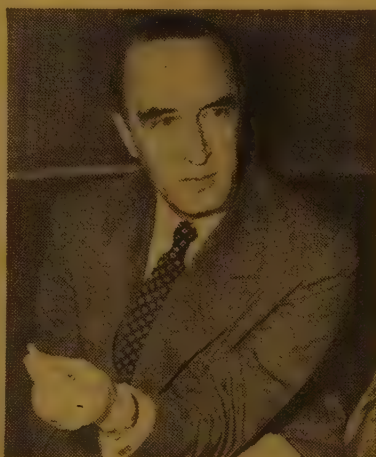
It was otherwise with the 'Panorama' item

on Alfred Krupp (January 30). Robert Kee directed his perspicacious mind to the curiously intractable problem of this war criminal's return to power in Western Germany, but for once he failed to select the essential points. I felt that he wasted too much of his allotted time in proving to us, with the aid of old news-reels, what the War Crimes Tribunal had already proved to everyone's satisfaction, that Krupp, eager to maintain and extend, under the guise of patriotism if need be, his family's already vast industrial empire, was one of Hitler's indispensable props before and during the war.

What we lacked were first-hand opinions of Krupp and his future from leading European statesmen and industrialists. Would they have confirmed what Kee hinted at, that Europe's

dread of Russia is so great that we must overlook Krupp's past in order that he can help to ensure our future, and thus that expediency is still the first principle of politics?

Another reminder of Hitler and the nineteen-thirties was Leni Riefenstahl, who talked to Derek Prouse in 'A Film Profile' (February 3). Viewers with long memories must have recalled the news-reels of those days showing Frau Riefenstahl striding along at Hitler's side, seemingly very much a part of his entourage; and been surprised at her denial to Prouse that she was ever a party member. Clearly she was, and is, a gifted, unusual person, close or distant as her relationship with the nazis may have been in her artistically ambitious younger days.



Herr Alfred Krupp after his release from prison in 1951



From 'Sit-In', second in the N.B.C. 'White Paper' series: Negro students at a lunch-counter in Nashville

John Cura

George Chapman, the English painter and sculptor who has made rural Wales his home and industrial Wales his subject, was artistically ambitious as a young man, but his confidence left him and he turned to farming. Then the urge to express his thoughts and feelings on canvas returned with all the old importunity, and now, in middle years, he is doing work of sensibility and power. His interesting story was well told on film, directed by David Jones and shown in 'Monitor' on January 29.

Chapman told us that the South Wales miners were too sturdy to need an artist's pity but they needed his sympathy. Chapman's sympathy was in every canvas and model of his that we saw, as Wilfrid Owen's pity for the soldier was in his poetry.

PETER POUND

## DRAMA

### Modern Dilemmas

ONE ALWAYS SUSPECTS—healthily, I rather believe—the competition as a means of fostering new talent. Such discoveries smack of the wish-fulfilment of a desire, and not the forcing to the surface of artistic expression, rising of its own inescapable pressure. Achievement, in short, cannot be attained by baiting the donkey with a golden carrot. That, anyway, is the theory. Practice—and good for it—works otherwise.

The winning Scottish television play, *Three Ring Circus* by Mr. Jack Gerson (February 2), was a play which, boldly attempting to appreciate man's dilemma of existence in a corrupt modern society, did so with almost complete success in a manner to which television peculiarly lends itself.



A painting by George Chapman shown in 'Monitor'



Set as a fantasy, a parable, in which man's loss of memory symbolized his loss of identity, the play, in an always interesting and often gripping way, explored the darkening maze of the world and man's ever-increasing sense of alienation.

Using with a smooth and on the whole acceptable assurance techniques that varied from the naturalistic to the expressionistic, Mr. Gerson presented the dilemma of the individual, not content with being neatly documented into a bureaucratic pigeon-hole and forgotten, who attempts to force from life answers calculated to suit his questions and his needs. Trying by turns the opposing sides that form the dichotomy of modern political society, the protagonist finds relief in neither. An idealist prepared to support the masses, he is inevitably betrayed by those whom he attempts to defend, while as inevitably the capitalist anarchist all too soon finds that this individuality produces more problems than it solves.

Pursued and pursuing throughout this stylized universe which, in its fantastification, hallucinatingly parodies our own 'sane' world, the individual must finally reject all arbitrary solutions as being at best merely palliatives. Inner satisfaction, the author suggests, is to be found only within the individual, in the calm still centre of the mind. The circus, representing art and therefore the repository of the deepest of human emotions, here stood for the haven we all seek.

The members of the cast were occasionally hampered by a score that, sometimes as intrusive as a keen conversationalist, was also inclined to mistake loudness for portentousness. Nevertheless they seized every chance the script gave for lively and uninhibited performances, particularly Mr. John Breslin as the young man in search of a soul and Mr. Andrew Cruickshank, in a pleasingly lighter vein than usual, as his guide.

Straightforward in style, *Paradise Walk* by Mr. Shaun Sutton, the four-part serial on Children's Television which was concluded on Sunday, had the virtues of a solidly constructed,

no-frills and no-nonsense piece of work. The story was heartily prepared to stake out a claim for hope and a place for toleration in life; yet it was bolder than this might immediately imply, for the good-neighbour policy it backed was racial toleration. I agree that children are less sensitive to a comrade's skin than adults are; in fact they are often unaware that pigmentation can give ground for prejudice. All the same, that the point should be made in the home where children and parents are together cannot but assist in the propagation of racial equality.

The author, producing, injected into his adventure a sharp sense of atmosphere. The only point I would quarrel with was the unlikelyhood of the extreme youth of the club members and the comparative age of the intruding gang.

Nothing of the fantasy about *The Final Result* by Mr. David Turner (Sunday). Instead a cool, unfussed, and sometimes penetrating glance was flashed at the social problem of the child whose intellect carries it out of the orbit of his parents' circle. On top of this, the tension here was aggravated by the parents themselves having encouraged the boy's precocious talents. They had helped not simply with encouragement, but in more practical ways. With more than their highest hopes unexpectedly realized, they are faced with the bitter knowledge that their own endeavours have been the instruments of their defeat and rejection. How far, then, in a materialistic society should someone, finely trained to gain the greatest rewards financial and social, if not spiritual, the world has to offer, temper his enthusiasm with an awareness of other than materialistic values? Or are we mistaken in believing that some values are more worthy for a society to cherish than others, no matter what benefits accrue from them?

Though the dialogue was often satisfyingly realistic and to the point, the characterization of the graduate was, unfortunately, insufficiently realized. Mr. Colin Jeavons did all an actor could have done for the part, but the lack of intellectual breadth made it impossible to credit the character with even a redbrick 'first'. The father's nagging jollity with its ill-fitting cloak of knowledge was well portrayed by Mr. Dudley Foster, and Miss Pauline Letts's wife, educated, well-bred and frustrated, was exactly right.

Not right, anyway for three-quarters of an hour, was Mr. Benny Hill in his show on February 4. While one or two of his sketches were accomplished and funny, parody and mimicry have to be first-class to be bearable for a whole programme. Mr. Hill's were not, and matters were made worse by some of the most inept linking shots I have ever seen.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.



Andrew Cruickshank (left) as Inspector Corbeau and John Breslin as Paul in *Three Ring Circus*

## Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Much Ambivalence

WHEN I HEAR the words 'a love-hate relationship' spoken by the laity I reach for my ear-plugs. The unanalysed, those who have read a simple book about Freud and those enjoying the honeymoon stage of analysis, find the coexistence of love and hate a surprising and delightful conception and are tedious about it—almost as tedious as those infant dialecticians one used to meet who had picked up a recitation in which the words thesis, antithesis, and synthesis became a lullaby for thought. I do most devoutly believe what the satirical rogue Sigmund set down about love-hate, but out of his context and after the doctrine has suffered the process of serial reproduction the statement becomes a silly verbal paradox. Its use in popular fiction and even films would make a nice topic for study. There was a moment in the cinema when you only became quite sure that the heroine loved the hero when she slapped his face.

Strindberg's knowledge of morbid psychology was not, however, academic. He had personal experience of the ecstasies and boredoms of madness and wrote about the corridors and whirlpools of Hell as a man with more than a tourist's knowledge of the place. *The Dance of Death* (Home, January 30) was a valuable and unfamiliar addition to the 'World Theatre' repertory. Max Faber's Englishing and adaptation of it and H. B. Fortuin's production sounded authentic and could be treated as a vigorous presentation of an original work rather than as a revival of something lost except for scholars.

It is a damnably unpleasant play thick with horror and disgust. Lust, cruelty, and madness are its commonplaces. Without the shocks of physical action it has passages as terrible as the putting out of Gloucester's eyes, and the despair and blasphemy of characters who loathe life, fear death, and destroy love for the fun of it, are as fierce and lucid as anything in those later plays of Shakespeare which gave optimistic Victorian critics such a very worrying time.

There are two permissible critical resistances against anything as upsetting as this play. One is to say that of course the author was ill and that his work therefore only has clinical interest—the gambit was much used about Orwell's 1984. I don't believe it about *The Dance of*



Scene from *The Final Result*, with Colin Jeavons (left) as John Horner and Dudley Foster as his father, Ed Horner



*Death*. It has too much insight, compassion and humility for that. The other is to say that the man was trying to make our flesh creep. There is something in that, though Strindberg was no merchant of fear-substitutes or secondhand thrills. The emotional temperature of the play was high from the very beginning and if charted would not make an aesthetically satisfying pattern. Nor did the plot develop with much dramatic logic.

Edgar, Captain of Garrison Artillery, was a credible enough devil, infinitely conceited, endlessly suspicious and plotting. His plausibility, delight in evil, vampirish use of the strength and virtues of other people, and talent for pathos were given a suitably demonic performance by Donald Wolfit. So were his man-of-the-world blustering and business-like social tactics. But the exhaustion induced by the uncovering of a highly complex underworld of battle for power and of erotic cruelty in the first half of the play made the later catastrophes weak.

Margaret Leighton played the Captain's wife, victim and sadist, realist and power-maniac too, with plenty of gusto and subtlety. And Sebastian Shaw as Kurt managed the impossible transition from being a representative of outside sanity to being an enthusiastic fly who bounced gladly from one spider's web to another with as much consistency as possible. The Captain's motto, 'Cross off and pass on', suited him well enough; but it was too much to expect the audience to do—to accept that Kurt, having had a clear view of the horns and cloven hooves of both the Captain and his wife, would go dopedly walking into their traps. The late arrival of Judith, the beloved daughter (Catherine Dolan) was a clumsy piece of construction. Once she had arrived, however, she was an interesting figure—a promising junior sadist full of the death-wish, but capable of suffering and of conversion.

Broken pattern of movement was the central fault of *The Dance of Death*. But it is a remarkable study of the 'ordinariness' of evil and showed Strindberg taking for granted in 1901 a whole pack of ideas about human behaviour which I suspect of being too advanced for 1961.

*The House on the Water* by Ugo Betti (Third, February 3) was a symbolic and melancholy affair translated and adapted by Henry Reed. As Mr. Reed wrote in *Radio Times*, it is a play about ambivalence, a word which he observed has been much misused. It didn't seem to me to come off at all, but that might be because earlier in the week I had had a strong enough dose of ambivalence to last me for months.

FREDERICK LAWS

## THE SPOKEN WORD



### A Week for Talks

THIS HAS BEEN quite a week for talks: and Bernard Leach opened the innings with 'A Potter in England' (Third Programme, January 28). One felt that China and Japan had not only influenced his work, they had also touched his philosophy; for there was an oriental stillness, a touching Eastern humility, other-worldliness, and wisdom about him. I am not so sure, however, that these qualities added up to a good broadcast. The microphone tends to magnify characteristics, and disembodied gentleness is not the best means of gripping one's attention. I wonder if a more lively questioner (and one questioner, not two) would have galvanized it all?

Sir Donald Wolfit needed no galvanizing when he talked to Joe Burroughs (Home Service, January 29). There was a Mac Liammoir quality about this modulated, scarcely interrupted monologue that I for one found unpleasant; and I thought forty minutes at least ten minutes too

much. All the same, Mr. Burroughs managed to thrust in a few sharp Freeman questions; and when Sir Donald discussed the acute need for a national theatre, then I found myself listening intently. 'The theatre', he said, 'is without its university'. A straight talk on the South Bank project, on the state of the English theatre, was really what he should have given us. Perhaps some other actor will fill the gap?

There was nothing histrionic about Russell Braddon's explosive 'Tuesday Talk' (Home Service, January 31); it was the neatest bit of precision bombing I have yet heard on radio. Mr. Braddon spoke live, he burst with sincerity, and, as an Australian, he attacked the decline of the individual, the loss of daring and enterprise, the lack of Commonwealth feeling in this country, the lack of achievement in our Elizabethan Age; he attacked with the absolute freedom of speech, the affectionate fury, only allowed to members of the family. I was so roused that I nearly switched off half way; I am glad I didn't. A little of what you don't fancy sometimes does you a power of good.

Sir Allen Lane's contribution to 'Frankly Speaking' (Home Service, February 1) was, as one might have expected, among the most businesslike interviews in an efficient series. Margaret Lane, George Scott, and Walter Allen sat on the other side of the massive desk and took down comments like so many business letters; there was never a fluff, and never a word too much. But Sir Allen spoke of the barrier around him, of his solitary nature; and, like all high executives, he gave very little away. We went out of his office with some facts, but he remained inscrutable; it needed a Freeman to break through the sound barrier and reveal the most widely successful (and perhaps the most impersonal) publisher of today.

Talking of mysteries, the radio whodunit absorbs us in rather the same way as a crossword puzzle. It occupies our minds, yet it makes us relax. But if, for a moment, as we listen, say, to 'Verdict of the Court', we wonder if we are merely indulging a plebeian love of the gruesome, we can remember that dons are notorious readers and writers of crime fiction. It was a good idea to rope in an Oxford controversialist to present 'Who Burnt the Reichstag?' (Home Service, January 31); and Mr. A. J. P. Taylor presented the documentary with his usual ease of manner and the interest and authority of a historian. There might have been slightly less dramatization (one is a little tired of ranting nazis), and I think the verdict should have been given more lucidly, and van der Lubbe's state of mind more clearly explained. All the same, the programme had me captive for an hour, and a quite willing captive at that.

From questions of guilt to matters of innocence. Children may not always say much, but they take everything in; and very wisely, from time to time, in 'Children's Hour', they are given programmes to make them think. These are not only scholastic lessons pleasantly wrapped up: they have their moral and social implications; and in 'The School That Is Different' (January 31) Stephen Grenfell recorded the Grenfell School for Handicapped Children with lively understanding. He has an evident way with children, and I hope he got his main point across to his young audience. It was a very good thing to try.

My finale last week was 'Tonight's Short Story' (Home Service, January 30): a curious piece of Americana called 'The Summer of the Window-Peeper'. This small-town version of Lady Godiva may have its interest to students of race relations, but I do not recommend it to short-story connoisseurs. It worked up quite a nice situation and then, like a sullen firework, just petered out.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

## MUSIC



### Two Violin Concertos

BY A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE listeners last week were able to hear two violin concertos, both written by contemporary composers of foreign extraction who have now settled in this country. Roberto Gerhard and Franz Reizenstein are too well known to need any introduction to readers of this column; some of whom, nevertheless, may not perhaps have had an opportunity of hearing these two particular works before. Gerhard's Concerto is the earlier in date, having been composed between 1942 and 1945, revised in 1949 and first performed in Florence at the 1950 *Maggio musicale*.

Today we think of Gerhard as primarily a 'serial' composer and a follower in the footsteps of Schönberg, whose pupil he once was; but he is also a Catalan by birth who studied with the great Felipe Pedrell and with Granados before deserting the shores of the Mediterranean. There is thus in his music a combination of Latin and Teutonic influences which he has been able to assimilate with the happiest results and which accounts for a certain very agreeable element of eclecticism in his style. The Violin Concerto is a great example of this, and could fairly be said to be one of Gerhard's most spontaneous and immediately attractive works. Listening to it the other day (Home Service, February 1), played with great brio by Yfrah Neaman and the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra conducted by Norman Del Mar, was a most pleasurable experience. The Concerto is a real virtuoso piece, but at the same time full of imagination and invention and beautifully scored. The haunting slow movement contains a quotation from Schönberg, but in the finale the colours and rhythms are unmistakably Spanish.

Franz Reizenstein's Concerto (Home Service, February 3) was composed in 1953 and given its first performance by the B.B.C. the following year. It, too, is a genuine violin concerto, built on classical lines and providing the soloist with every opportunity for displaying his technical skill. The writing, both for the solo instrument and the orchestra, is highly accomplished and fluent; all the ingredients that go to make up an effective violin concerto are present—and yet somehow one is left with the impression at the end of it all that nothing very musically memorable has been said. Erich Gruenberg, the soloist, played it brilliantly, and was well accompanied by the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult.

Tchaikovsky was 'This Week's Composer' and I am glad I tuned in to hear Oda Slobodskaya singing a group of his songs, many of which are virtually unknown in this country (Home Service, February 3). One reason why they seldom appear in singers' programmes is probably because unless they are sung in Russian they lose a lot of their flavour and original character. The nineteenth-century Russian song lies somewhere midway between the German *Lied* and the French *mélodie*, and one was struck, in listening to these examples by Tchaikovsky, by the unforced, spontaneously lyrical character. It is perhaps not generally realized that Tchaikovsky wrote close on a hundred songs, so we must be grateful to the B.B.C. for taking this opportunity of letting us hear the well-chosen group so beautifully and sympathetically sung by Oda Slobodskaya. Concise, dramatic, full of melody, unsentimental, very Russian in character, these songs reveal an unfamiliar aspect of Tchaikovsky's genius. Especially memorable were *Night*, a wonderful song about a lover's reverie at night in a dark room, dreaming of his beloved, full of compressed emotion expressed with the utmost





## THE HIGHER DISORDERS

by *PODALIRIUS*

Which of the chronic, non-lethal ailments would you choose if you had to?—Not recurrent boils or flat feet, for even their official names, furunculosis and pes planus, provide no mystique for these obviously bourgeois complaints. Boils are as vulgar as auntie's treacle and sulphur cure; which anyway, for all the good it does, might as well be applied externally—to auntie. And the bald man is little consoled by the theory that bald men are very virile. The thatched majority scorn the theory; and perhaps have grounds, being in a majority.

Most, but not all, persons with hay fever or migraine are known to be very intelligent; but then to the streaming nose or splitting head would be added a nagging doubt as to one's exact location on the statistical spread. Among mental disorders a mild recurrent mania would be best, for it makes one cheerful and energetic, if sometimes leading to such lapses as the ordering of two dozen hovercraft for the lake at one's non-existent country seat. Immediate driven delivery.

Gout would probably be best; for, first, is it not almost confined to the aristocracy? This is nonsense, but is not generally known to be; and even a bit of nonsense will serve as a progenitor of blue blood. Abstemiousness in food and drink is not now considered very important for the gouty; so that one would still be able to wine and dine well, though, as befits a gouty invalid aristocrat, with irascible discrimination. And then of all rheumatic disorders gout alone is associated with those masses of dagger-like crystals so dear to the inflamed imagination of the rheumatically English. One could fascinate and appal one's visitors with descriptions of them, and of how they were being 'washed away' by a modern and very expensive treatment. Very slowly washed away.

What other virtues has gout got?—Well, it is not often fatal; and acute attacks of it, though painful, are generally relieved by extracts of *Colchicum Autumnale*, the meadow saffron. Its use has persisted for 1,500 years, and so has ignorance of just how it works; so that one could lightly compliment one's physician on being quite up-to-date in both practice and theory. And of course, if he was a bald physician with hay fever and boils, one could give him a lot more to brood upon—after, that is, he had prescribed one's colchicum.

\* \* \*

*Thank you, Podalirius. No doubt at this very minute, some of the social clamberers among your readers are happily contracting the snobbier variants of the higher disorders. However there are many of us (modesty prevents us from disclosing our numbers) who rate sheer good health higher than the highest disorders. And that is why we take Bemax. Bemax is pure stabilized wheat germ—the richest vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man. Bemax contains in ample quantities, those nutrients vital to our health—so often lacking in the modern diet. Buy Bemax from your chemist or grocer.*

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economy of means and poignantly evocative, and a most delightful *Child's Song*, rather surprisingly reminiscent of Mussorgsky. The important accompaniments to these were admirably played by Frederick Stone.

A second broadcast devoted to the late Matyas Seiber (Third Programme, February 4) differed from the first (to which I referred last week) in that the works presented were all more representative of his mature style. The programme was introduced by some useful notes provided by Peter Racine Fricker, who paid a generous tribute to his old teacher, and included the first

broadcast of a recent work of Seiber's, a *Renaissance Dance Suite*, first performed in Croydon last year under Sir Adrian Boult. This was played by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, and proved to be an agreeable pastiche.

By contrast the *Permutazioni a cinque* (1958) for wind quintet (played by the B.B.C. Chamber Ensemble) sounded uncompromisingly cerebral and austere, but the balance was retrieved by a most satisfying performance at the end of the programme of what is probably Seiber's finest work, the Cantata *Ulysses* for tenor, chorus and orchestra

on texts by James Joyce, which dates from 1947.

This is music of great distinction and originality and could only have been written by a rarely gifted composer endowed with vision and imagination and uncommon skill in handling and blending the vocal and instrumental forces here employed. The solo tenor part was beautifully sung by Gerald English, who had the very efficient support of the Dorian Singers, the Morley College and London Philharmonic Choirs and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under its conductor Rudolf Schwarz.

ROLLO H. MYERS

## Unhackneyed Mendelssohn

By PHILIP RADCLIFFE

Chamber music by Mendelssohn will be broadcast in the Home Service at 7.0 p.m. on Monday, February 13, Wednesday, February 15, and Friday, February 17



OF THE MANY distinguished composers born during the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century, the most fluent was undoubtedly Mendelssohn. This fluency extended itself in many directions, not predominantly towards piano music, as with Chopin, or dramatic music, as with Wagner and Verdi; nor did it need an extra-musical stimulus, as was so often the case with Berlioz. During the early eighteen-twenties Mendelssohn wrote symphonies, operas, and chamber music with equal ease and profusion.

The earliest of all his published works is a Piano Sonata in G minor, completed in 1821, which is strongly influenced by Mozart and Haydn. But in his earliest surviving chamber work, the Piano Quartet in C minor, which dates from the following year, the influence of Haydn is less strong and that of Weber more apparent; the style is lively and voluble, with individual touches appearing in details rather than in the actual themes. The keyboard writing is brilliant and in general the handling of the medium is extraordinarily accomplished for a boy of thirteen; the texture is far more consistent and continuous than that of Weber's attractive but rather diffuse Piano Quartet in A flat. In the works for piano and strings that followed, the general style is similar but with signs of greater individuality. But in 1823 Mendelssohn wrote a String Quartet in E flat which was not published till 1879, and is very different in character from the other chamber works of this time. The opening of the first movement is unmistakably Mendelssohnian; the medium gives no chance for the rather arridulously brilliant passage writing that is to be found in the works for piano, and the finale is an elaborate fugue of remarkable ease and resourcefulness.

These early chamber works illustrate clearly the various sides of Mendelssohn's personality; on the one hand his mercurial vivacity, and on the other his remarkably sure and sound technique. In the works that follow, the two seem to coalesce and co-operate more closely. The third Piano Quartet in B minor, which was completed in 1825 and dedicated to Goethe, is a great advance on the other two; the keyboard writing is as lively but more organized, the slow movement has here far more individuality, and the scherzo is undoubtedly the most distinguished thing that Mendelssohn had yet written. And in the Octet for strings, written in the same year, all Mendelssohn's finest qualities combined in producing one of his greatest masterpieces. The *Andante* is remarkably imaginative, with one of the sentimentality that is found in some

of his later slow movements; the scherzo is full of the peculiar mixture of playfulness and mystery that is characteristic of so many of Mendelssohn's movements of this kind, and the first and last movements both show a most exhilarating energy.

The Octet is undoubtedly the most individual chamber work that he had yet written, and it reaches a level of inspiration that he never surpassed; for that reason it can be used as a kind of peak from which to survey the later works. Of its four movements the scherzo is perhaps the most perfect, and when writing music of this kind, Mendelssohn retained a remarkably sure touch throughout his life. Some of the later scherzos are similar in general mood to that of the Octet, especially those of the String Quintet in A, the Quartet in E flat from Op. 44, and the Trio in C minor. In all of these there is a constant flow of rapid notes, a very light texture, and, behind these qualities, a very impressive breadth of outline.

Others are more lyrical; the canzonetta from Op. 12 set the pattern, and the *Allegretto scherzando* movements from the Cello Sonata in D and the String Quintet in B flat are charming instances. All these movements are in minor keys; brilliance of a more light-hearted kind characterizes the scherzos of the Trio in D minor and the Quartet in E minor. In their different ways each of these is remarkably original and owes very little to an earlier composer; the scherzo from Beethoven's Sonata in E flat from Op. 31 may have contributed something to their style; also, perhaps, some of Scarlatti's sonatas, and passages from Cherubini's quartets.

But there are two other movements, quite unlike the normal type of Mendelssohnian scherzo, which owe rather more to Beethoven, though this does not in any way detract from their individuality. One is the minuet from the Quartet in D, Op. 44, No. 3, which has a decided thematic resemblance to the third movement of Beethoven's Quartet in the same key from Op. 18. The other is the second movement of the Quartet in F minor, Op. 80. This work, written shortly after the death of Fanny Hensel, Mendelssohn's sister, is in a surprisingly sombre and passionate vein throughout, with a fierce intensity that sometimes suggests the influence of Beethoven's Op. 95. A scherzo of the usual type would have been totally out of place in a work of this kind, and the second movement has a strange and impressive grimness, especially in the very sombre trio.

To return for a moment to the Octet: its slow movement is of an unusual kind, less obvi-

ously melodious than usual, and at times looking back to the late works of Mozart rather than Beethoven. But before long Mendelssohn became deeply interested in the later Quartets, and this can be seen clearly in his own very remarkable Quartet in A minor and major, Op. 13. The result here is thoroughly individual and convincing, but the influence of Beethoven is not always beneficial to his slow movements, especially when, as in the *Hymn of Praise*, he is aiming at solemnity and grandeur. The *andante* of the C minor Trio, in its opening page, emulates that of Beethoven's *Archduke Trio* and inevitably falls short; the rhythm of Mendelssohn's tune seems complacent beside the calm dignity of Beethoven.

It is in the *adagios* of the Quintet in B flat and the Quartet in F minor that Mendelssohn comes nearest to achieving a Beethoven-like spaciousness; both are fine movements, especially the latter. The more lyrical manner of the *Songs without Words* appears very pleasantly in some of the other slow movements, such as those of the D minor Trio and the E minor Quartet, and the latter illustrates Mendelssohn's happy inventiveness of accompaniment figures. His handling of the smaller, more lyrical forms was always very successful; in his later works the movements in sonata form tend to be more conventionally designed than in the Octet and the early String Quartets. But there are always individual features, especially the extraordinary skill with which the first theme is brought back after the development. Often it is done very unobtrusively, as in the E minor Quartet; one of the most striking instances is in the first movement of the F minor Quartet, where it returns unexpectedly soon, at the height of a climax, under a new counter-melody. In the finest of Mendelssohn's extended movements there is a rhetorical power far removed from his politer and more familiar moods; sometimes, as in the first movement of the C minor Trio, there are suggestions of Beethoven's *Coriolan* Overture.

In view of Mendelssohn's marvellous orchestral sense it is not surprising that he was particularly successful when using the massive medium of the String Octet. In the later works the music seems sometimes to chafe under the restrictions of chamber music, and in the works with piano, the keyboard writing is sometimes almost concerto-like in its brilliance. But, if Mendelssohn's chamber music does not often rise to the supremely high level of his finest orchestral works, it takes a high rank in his output, and gives a full and varied picture of a personality that was far richer and more versatile than is often imagined.



## Bridge Forum

## Answers to Listeners' Questions—XVI

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



*In the present series on Network Three, bridge questions submitted by listeners are answered by a panel. Throughout the series Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer in this column some of the questions not included in the radio programmes*

**Question 1** (from D. R. Shaughnessy, Dublin): My question actually arises from an article by an American writer whose column appears in these parts. In his example South held the following:

♠ 4 3 2 ♥ A ♦ A K Q 8 7 ♣ A Q 10 7

The bidding went:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
—	No	No	1H
Dble	No	1S	No
?			

It was suggested that at this point South should bid Two Hearts, 'showing that he was almost good enough for a forcing overcall on the first round and asking partner to name one of the other suits'.

Is that the standard interpretation of Two Hearts? All the books I have been able to consult say that when a player doubles a suit and subsequently bids it, he shows intention to play in that suit. Has there been a change of procedure?

**Answer:** This is one of the areas of bidding where some tournament players follow a different style from that generally accepted as correct in rubber bridge.

Writing a text-book, one cannot afford to be ambiguous about this sort of situation. One must say that Two Hearts, following a double of One Heart, shows hearts. A certain type of tournament player likes to have these situations

both ways. If he bid Two Hearts in the present sequence he would justify the bid as follows: 'Since hearts have not been raised or rebid, it is certain that my partner must hold three or four. He will know, therefore, that there are not enough hearts in the pack for East and myself both to have a genuine bid. If he is in any doubt at all he will make some bid—he won't pass me out in Two Hearts'.

We must say, in conclusion, that misunderstandings can arise between the best of partnerships, and for our part we would bid a straightforward Three Diamonds in the situation quoted.

**Question 2** (from R. Sadie, Bristol): At rubber bridge East-West held these hands:

WEST	EAST
♠ A K 2	♠ J 5
♥ A Q J 9 4 2	♥ —
♦ K 6 3	♦ A Q 10 5 4 2
♣ 4	♣ A J 5 3 2

The bidding went:

WEST	EAST
1H	2D
3H	4C
4NT	5D
5H	No

A spade was led, the Jack was covered by the Queen, and as the cards lay Five Hearts had to go one down. East said that the result vindicated his refusal to show his two Aces over 4 N.T. Yet Six Diamonds could have been made very easily, so I don't think East had anything to be proud of, do you?

**Answer:** We're not sure. Since West bid Five Hearts over Five Diamonds, who is to say that

he wouldn't have bid Six Hearts over a response of Five Hearts? Perhaps East knew his market.

West's Blackwood 4 N.T. was, as so often premature. He should have bid Four Diamonds, giving East a better chance to assess slam possibilities. Over Four Diamonds East's best bid would be Five Clubs—a slam try since diamonds have been tentatively agreed. That should encourage West to bid Six Diamonds.

**Question 3** (from C. R. Pittman, London S.W.6): I wonder whether you have an opinion to express about the frequent report of complete suits being dealt to all four players at the table. All seem well attested, yet I read somewhere that if everybody in the world spent all day dealing cards it would be thousands of years before such a hand might be expected to turn up.

**Answer:** We find it much easier to believe that the players on such occasions were either deluded or were using an unshuffled pack. What makes the stories so unbelievable is that for one player at the table to hold even a ten-card suit is extraordinarily rare. Yet that is many millions more likely than that one player, let alone four, should be dealt a complete suit.

In *Play Bridge with Reese* (Mayflower, 21s.) Mr. Terence Reese has written another of his brilliant books in spite of its self-revealing title. Readers are invited to see exactly how an expert thinks out and plays difficult hands: a sound and original form of presentation. One shudders to think what might happen in some clubs if the players there started to imitate Mr. Reese's thought processes: they play slowly enough when they think about nothing at all. However, for the up-and-coming bridge player this book may be thoroughly recommended.

M.A.

## Signed, Sealed, and Delivered

(concluded from page 265)

condition, here the handing over of the duplicate by the plaintiff, were not performed in a reasonable time, the company could refuse to go on, but the company could not withdraw on some novel ground.

I draw, then, these conclusions: although it is still said that a deed to be operative must be sealed and delivered, in practice this means it must be signed by an individual or sealed by a corporation with intent that it shall operate either immediately or on the occurrence of some event. When one also recalls that the contents of deeds are now much less distinctive and formalized, one may surmise that if these trends continue, they will lead to the disappearance of any difference between deeds and other less formal documents. The effect of this on the law

may be far reaching, and I will leave you with two examples.

First, with some exceptions a lease cannot create a legal estate unless it is made by deed. If it is made informally, it is not without effect but the rights conferred may not be so efficacious as where a deed has been executed. In future, these defects may be avoided by putting informal leases forward as deeds. My other example is in the field of contracts. It has been firmly established since 1778 that promises are not enforceable unless supported by consideration, that is unless the person to whom the promise is given furnishes something in return. The one exception is promises under seal, or promises expressed in deeds. Here the promisor is bound even though nothing is given in return. The

doctrine of consideration has had its critics, and in 1937 was reviewed by the Law Revision Committee. Their principal recommendation was that an agreement should be enforceable if the promise or offer has been made in writing by the promisor whether or not anything was given in return. No legislation has yet been introduced to implement this recommendation. If the trend which I have been describing continues, no legislation will be necessary.

Perhaps I should end with a warning. Those who seek to propound as a deed an informal document containing a promise would do well to remember that in general a deed is liable to a stamp duty of 10s., and if it is tendered in evidence unstamped may attract a penalty of £10.—*Third Programme*



# ABOUT THE HOUSE

## Apricot Bannock

TO MAKE THIS bannock, which is based on an old American recipe, you will need:

- 1 lb. of dried apricots
- 1 lb. of quick-cooking oatmeal
- 6 oz. of plain flour
- 1 lb. of margarine
- 1 lb. of demerara sugar
- 1 tablespoon of granulated sugar
- 1 teaspoon of salt
- 1 teaspoon of bi-carbonate soda
- a squeeze of lemon juice

Wash the apricots and soak them for several hours, preferably overnight. Put them on to cook with just enough water to cover them, and stew gently till they are soft and mushy. Add a tablespoon of granulated sugar and the juice of half a lemon. Turn into a dish to cool.

In a bowl, mix the dry ingredients: the oats, flour, demerara sugar, salt, and bi-carbonate soda, and rub in the margarine till it is all absorbed and the mixture is like crumbs. Grease with butter or lard an 8-inch sponge-cake tin, or a square tin about the same size. Put just over half the dry mixture in the tin, and press it down well. Cover this with the soft apricots

and spread them over the dry mixture. Then, very lightly, spread the rest of the crumb mixture over the apricots, but this time do not press them down or you will make the whole cake heavy. A topping of butter and a little sugar gives a polished effect. Bake in a fairly hot oven—gas, regulo 6, electric, 375°-400°F.—for about 40 minutes, starting on the top shelf, and changing to a lower shelf halfway through the cooking time. Leave in the tin until cold, then cut in wedges or fingers and put on a wire rack.

JEAN RENNIE

—Television Cookery Club

## Anchovies with Meat

Anchovies really come into their own as a garnish to veal escalope. A few anchovies laid across the top of each piece of veal as one eats it taste delicious: the sharp flavour of the anchovies goes perfectly with the rather bland taste of the veal. (If you think it rather odd to eat fish with meat, remember that a little anchovy is one of the traditional ingredients of a genuine Melton Mowbray pork pie.)

I like a lump of anchovy butter served on a piece of grilled rump steak. You can make it either by mixing about one part of anchovy

paste with two parts of butter and adding a little lemon juice and some cayenne pepper, or by pounding some anchovy fillets and mixing them with the butter.

SHEILA HUTCHINS

—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

## Notes on Contributors

- SIR IVOR JENNINGS, K.B.E. (page 247): Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge University; Vice-Chancellor, Ceylon University, 1942-55; Constitutional Adviser, Pakistan, 1954-55; author of *Problems of the New Commonwealth, Party Politics*, etc.
- IAN STEPHENS, C.I.E. (page 249): Historian, Pakistan Army, Pakistan; Editor *The Statesman* newspaper, Calcutta and Delhi, 1943-51; author of *Horned Moon*
- OWEN HOLLOWAY (page 255): author of *Graphic Art of Japan*
- KURT MENDELSSOHN (page 257): Reader in Physics, Oxford University; author of *What is Atomic Energy?* and *Cryophysics*
- KENNETH DOVER (page 262): Professor of Greek, St. Andrews University; author of *Greek Word Order*
- PHILIP RADCLIFFE (page 285): Lecturer in Music, Cambridge University; author of *Mendelssohn*, etc.

## Crossword No. 1,602

## 'Build Me a Pyramid'

## By Cheops

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, February 16. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final

The diagram represents a square pyramid, formed by folding the triangular faces downwards. Each face has six horizontal tiers and six sectors running from apex to base. On each face the top tier has been reserved for the sector-numbers. Along the 2nd, 4th, and 6th tiers, a legend, alluding to the structure of the diagram, runs, against the sun, with its letter-arrangement modified in a uniform way throughout. It runs twice along each tier round all four faces before descending to the next tier below. On completing the sixth tier it enters the base-square at No. 1, and runs helically, with the sun still modified as before, up to

### NORTH FACE

#### SECTORS

1 2 3 4 5 6

#### TIER 2

3 4 5 6

7 8 9 10 11 12

13 14 15 16 17 18

19 20 21 22 23 24

25 26 27 28 29 30

31 32 33 34 35 36

### CLUES TO TIERS 3 AND 5

#### North Face:

3. Emissary from the Porte
5. Difficult and dirty, by Hercules!

#### West Face:

3. Peasants' jackets, assumed on the 1st of September
5. Old, wandering, so put on an island

#### East Face:

3. If you upset me, Mary, I shall complain
5. Buries where the Ashes are

#### South Face:

3. Poet and critic who loved the subject of the legend
5. Altogether out of date—sounds as if in an old city

### CLUES TO SECTORS

#### North Face:

1. Uncommon, weak, muddled—used to be worse
2. In the Court of the Grand Moghul loud was this greeting
3. Though middle English, His Highness has got confused

4. Late Roman meals
5. Levantine port
6. Blackened in a sheep-tick

#### East Face:

1. Roman Road, — Strete, as the Anglo-Saxons called it
2. Freshman at Aberdeen
3. Father Brown's umbrella?
4. Formed by two gables and with nothing for Edward
5. Slender stems uncurl happily with the sun, even at Aberdeen
6. 'The fly-slow — shall not determinate' (Richard II)

#### South Face:

1. Condescend to sound like a big dog

2. Sweet apple with no tea made Edmund run
3. 'Oh, Polly, you might have —' (Beggars' Opera)
4. Shattered ideal was sick-making
5. Old French magnate
6. Clots in the country could run into temptation

#### West Face:

1. Did Giuseppe find her the reverse of an acquisition?
2. Nets, but not from clerical life
3. Jock's delight is not true-bred, but makes a noise like a horse
4. Steers with a drink aboard
5. Only the Arab unit
6. Ruined hopes once gave promising signs

The Base-square (all three-letter words unless indicated):

- 2-14. New
- 3-15. Lodge
- 4-14. 'My!' says Marco
- 9-12. Those Romans! (4)
- 10-24. Mineral spring
- 13-31. Antipodean ovicides (4)
- 18-30. Indian pillar
- 21-7. Marco to Jonathan
- 21-33. Pale
- 23-11. Ready
- 25-10. Planet (4)
- 27-29. Copy
- 28-18. Friend
- 28-26. Expresses disgust
- 28-30. Temper
- 34-13. Island shirt (4)
- 36-34. Doctors

## Solution of No. 1,600

I	N	F	U	S	L	O	N
N	E	N	C	Y	S	A	
G	A	E	L	A	M	I	R
U	N	D	E	R	P	E	N
I	D	I	T	C	H	R	S
B	A	N	V	I	E	E	
A	N	G	E	L	I	C	L
L	A	C	I	Y	M	A	L

### NOTES

The exchanged pairs of words in clues and letters in lights were as follows: 1 Ac. & 16 D., Cockney/not, I/L; 9 Ac. & 3 D., leaves/points, T/A; 12 Ac. & 4 D., sore/French, I/F; 13 Ac. & 15 Ac., note/draughts, E/R; 19 Ac. & 7 D., no/male, R/I; 1 D. & 8 D., handkerchief/Gaul, N/B. The position of the letter exchanged corresponds with the position of the word exchanged in the clue.

1st prize: A. H. Franks (Newcastle upon Tyne, 3); 2nd prize: Miss M. I. Blunt (Sydenham); 3rd prize: J. L. Gray (Telscombe Cliffs)

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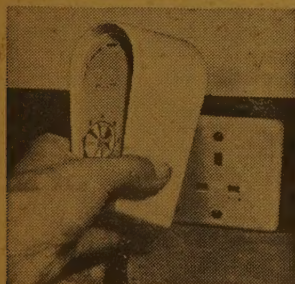
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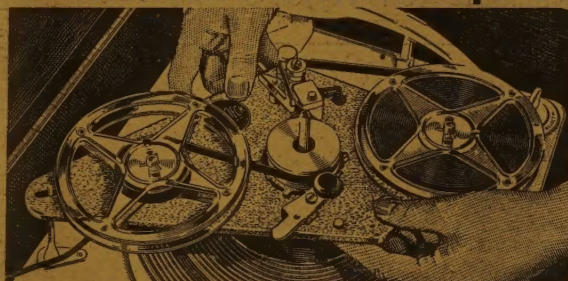
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